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# UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO QUARTERLY

JULY, 1943

Democracy and Education.....Frederick Philip Grove
Charles Peirce: Pioneer in American Thought.....T. A. Goudge
Pure Well of Latin Undefiled.....William Hardy Alexander
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PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO PRESS
ON THE FIFTEENTH OF
OCTOBER JANUARY APRIL JULY

*Editorial communications should be addressed to the Editors, Baldwin House, University of Toronto. All inquiries regarding subscriptions and advertising should be addressed to the Manager, The University of Toronto Press.*

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# DEMOCRACY AND EDUCATION

FREDERICK PHILIP GROVE

DURING the last few months I have asked several scores of people, in discussions of present issues, just what they mean by "democracy." I received many stumbling, fumbling answers most of which concerned themselves with inessentials and externals; not one went back to first principles; none could be accepted as more than what, except in inessentials, I should call a distinction without a difference. Most of them took it for granted that the answer was obvious; that democracy and totalitarianism could not be mistaken; that their aims were irreconcilable. Some used time-honoured phrases which, on closer enquiry, meant nothing any longer in the welter of the day, though at the time of their formulation they had been pregnant with revelation. Among those whom I asked were university teachers, politicians, industrialists, business men, farmers, and labourers. My approach, invariably, was that of one who desired to be informed.

Especially among the labourers there were those who at once resorted to the term "equality"; and that in spite of the fact that their teeth were decayed, their clothes in rags, their days filled with toil, their livelihood insecure, their children ragamuffins, and their hour to hour status that of slaves. Enquiry elicited the fact that, to them, equality meant exclusively political equality, or the right to vote. When I pointed out that, at best, political equality was a means to an end, they did not seem to see what I was driving at.

My curiosity with regard to this particular group of the population was enormously stimulated by my own experience in a factory. Naturally, there as elsewhere, I addressed myself primarily to the older men; it is a fact that the younger men saw their present condition as something temporary which, in due course of time, would automatically lead to changes in their social and economic status. Anything else—intellectual and cultural changes—seemed to be beyond their grasp. Yet it was perfectly obvious that it was intellectual and cultural criteria which marked them off from the managerial classes more strikingly than anything else. They knew who I was: a linguist, a speaker, a writer; that the preparation for such of my work as was not manual might have wrought fundamental and radical changes in my inner consti-

tution—for instance in the logical processes of my thinking—they failed to see; and if someone had pointed it out to them, they would probably have denied it.

Yet there is no valid reason why, in an industrial civilization such as ours—and in spite of the preponderance of agriculture in our aggregate occupational constitution, it is essentially industrial, even in agriculture—the labourer should, educationally, culturally and socially, be inferior, let me say, to the manager; and it is to be the contention of this essay that, until such an equality, intellectual, cultural and social, is established, no true democracy can exist.

It has been said that in fifth-century Athens there was such an equality. It has even been said that the Athenian public assembly, the Ecclesia, to which the policies of the leaders had to be submitted for approval, was composed of men with an average of education and intellectual endowment superior to that of any assembly which, in later centuries and millennia, has been entrusted with the conduct of affairs of state; that fact, it has been contended, formed the basis of the only great and true democracy the world has seen. I doubt the truth of this statement. "By their fruits ye shall know them." It has always seemed to me that what constituted the Athenian assembly more nearly an instrument of registering the popular will, for better or worse, than, let me say, the House of Commons in Britain, was the fact that the franchise was direct, not delegated by the original voter to certain elected or appointed men who acted for him. It is this fact, that except in a plebiscite, the individual voter does not express his will directly but delegates his vote, which marks the essential difference between such institutions as the parliaments of Britain or Canada and the Athenian assembly. It is a very important, yes, a radical difference. But no one can seriously assert that the expedition to Melos in 416 or that to Syracuse in 413 showed the extreme wisdom of the Athenian assembly, vastly, or even slightly, superior to that of modern statesmen. We readily admit, of course, that Pericles was a great genius; but there have been other geniuses since; and if, under Pericles, Athens reached a peak of glory, splendour and power, it was not a sign that democracy, as established in Athens, was a form of government superior to any other form. Pericles, after all, was first of all a party leader. The ascendancy of Athens during the first part of the second half of the fifth century was due to the fact that Pericles had a great influence over the assembly which

dared not openly attack him but sought to undermine his influence by attacking his friends and supporters. Had he not succumbed to the plague, in 430, he might have steered Athens safely through the Peloponnesian War which, the moment the city was left to its peculiar kind of democracy unaided by genius, led her to ruin. The greatness of Athens was certainly not due to its democratic institutions, no matter how much Pericles himself—at least in the Funeral Oration as reported or edited by that undoubtedly very great man Thucydides—extolled them, "with his tongue in his cheek."

Why should that be so? Why should nations, both ancient and modern, in times of crisis have recourse to outstanding leaders rather than to the will of the people? The answer is simple only for him who knows intimately all strata of the population. Today as in ancient Athens the population is divided into two great groups which one may roughly and somewhat inadequately designate as those of the masters and the men. The point is that, in the modern state as well as in Athens, a very large part of the work that needs to be done in order to keep civilization going is actually done by a more or less disinherited class which, in our day, consists of the labourers and the farmers. The fact is disguised by the facility with which a member of this disinterested class can pass into the other class of the masters; but that a man, exceptionally endowed in some direction, can raise his intellectual, cultural and social status does not mean that he can do so by means of the environment of his birth; as a matter of fact, it is always a hard struggle in which everything is against him.

The root of the evil—and that it is an evil nobody will deny—is, of course, economic. A man who, in ten hours of daily toil, makes $3.50 cannot afford to raise himself or even his children above the level into which he was born. It has been said that the labouring man of today enjoys privileges and comforts superior beyond all comparison to those enjoyed by the labouring man of a hundred or two hundred years ago; and that, therefore, he should be content. The fact, of course, is true; but it is quite irrelevant. If, between two planes skimming along over a given landscape, one is a thousand feet ahead of the other, what difference does it make in their relative positions whether they are one thousand or five thousand feet above the ground? For the privileges and comforts enjoyed by the managing class—and, by reason of their

countless followers that class is numerically equal or even superior to the labouring class—are equally far ahead of those of the managing class of a hundred or two hundred years ago. The relative position of the two classes is the same as it has always been; or, if there is a difference, the distance between them has widened. There are no absolute standards; they are always relative.

If we enquire into the conditions which determine the intellectual, cultural and social differences between the classes which undeniably exist, we run up against a curious fact. Take the case of a married couple of the labouring class; and let us assume that, in their home, they have all they wish for; and that, therefore, they can live from day to day in reasonable contentment. They have no social ambitions; they know of no cultural and intellectual levels superior to their own. Why should there be discontent? The answer is this that they still feel tied down in their condition, even unto the generation of their children and their children's children. They know or think that there is an easier life for those who have attained to a certain level of education; and this level they crave at least for their offspring. "I want so-and-so"—naming one of their children—"to have an easier life than I have had. I want him to go to high school, or"—if high school is within reach—"to college or to the university."

We have compulsory elementary education and pride ourselves on the fact that, among nations, we stand high in the scale of literacy; and in any population a high percentage of literacy is a considerable achievement. But it is not enough. I do not know what percentage of our school population passes from the elementary school into the high school. I do know that the percentage of pupils of the secondary schools which proceeds to college or the university is approximately five per cent. The question arises whether ninety-five per cent of the population is an adequate measure of those who, by a lack of native endowment, are unfit to proceed with their education. If it is, then indeed is the situation irremediable. It is, however, my firm belief, buttressed by the watchful observation of half a century, that it is not.

And here is another point. Of that five per cent, how many proceed to the university, not for the purpose of acquiring a higher education, but for the purpose of fitting themselves for some so-called professional career, medical, legal, technical? My personal acquaintance among medical and legal men is fairly large. If I

cast about in my mind, I do not find a large number of educated men among them.

This brings us to the question what an education is. It means the "bringing out" of all the potentialities with which a given individual is born and which, in far the majority of cases, remain dormant through life. Knowledge, or information, is a thing that can always be added to. But there are many things which cannot be added to beyond a certain age limit, for instance emotional receptivity; for instance the thirst for knowledge; for instance the desire for exploration in any field; the ability to think logically; the impulse to keep passion subject to reason; the power to see, in life, at all times the uncomfortable position in which man is placed on this earth—a gift which indeed, I believe, ancient man possessed in a higher degree than modern man who is distracted from contemplation by the mechanical complexity of his environment. In short, education, taking the word as designating a quality rather than a faculty, is a state of mind.

But what the average man calls education is very largely, not education but *in*duction. I have been riding around on this distinction for over forty years; I have not been heard. Wherever a process is taught, whether in elementary arithmetic, or in legal proceeding, or, let me say, in surgery, what is being practised is induction, not, except here and there incidentally, education.

Since, however, education cannot be practised except by means of processes established by the practical experience of mankind in the past, a certain amount of induction enters into most educational processes, though Socrates tried to divest them of it. I readily admit that, at the root of all modern educational development lies the ability to read, write, and handle numbers. These three abilities which form the backbone of universal modern education can be acquired by processes purely inductive and need not necessarily involve any educative procedure whatever. Correct English spelling, for instance, does not, in itself, presuppose that state of mind of which I spoke; nor does a knowledge of the multiplication table. On the other hand I believe, to take an extreme example, that a real understanding of Thucydides' *Historiae* does presuppose it.

In present-day civilization a knowledge of Thucydides, or, for that matter, of Euripides or Goethe or Pascal, is generally considered the attribute of a specialist, on a par with the purely

inducated ability to calculate stresses arising in a cantilever bridge. But the two things cannot be compared. The ability to calculate those stresses is a purely mechanical one, acquired by processes similar to, if more complex than, the ability to multiply 836 by 124, for which nothing is needed but a knowledge of the multiplication table. A close understanding of Thucydides involves the whole man or woman; his aesthetic sensibility, his imaginative sympathy, his power to evaluate human nature, his understanding of historical processes, his ability to reconstitute for himself certain phases of the psychology of the genius and the mob, his adaptability in imagining himself other than he is. For any mechanical engineer to have that state of mind which I have postulated as the fundamental idea underlying all true education, it would be necessary—were there no other alternative—for the study of Thucydides to antedate that of the engineering problems with which he may be faced. In other words, it is possible to be a most efficient engineer and yet remain a profoundly uneducated man. It is not possible for a student of Thucydides to remain uneducated; that is, to remain unawakened to the peculiar world in which he lives. The study of Thucydides, if driven far enough, is an education in itself.

I want to add, though, that this is not a plea for the resumption, on a large scale, of the study of classics. There are other branches of human endeavour which may equal, which may even surpass the study of the classics in educative value. I do not happen to be familiar with them, that is all; and I do know, very definitely, that a real study of the classics usually confers such an education.

The question arises whether the kind of activity which is the only one familiar to a very large majority of human beings, namely manual toil, offers in itself no educative value whatever; and that further question whether such manual toil can be practised only in the absence of what I have called an education; and this leads on to the still more fundamental question whether there is in manual toil something degrading to human nature, something which places the manual worker *ipso facto* in a category lower than that of the man who works with his brain or in some capacity subsidiary to that of the managing class, let me say that of the clerical helper.

The answer to these questions may depend on individual idiosyncrasies. I believe we are here, in our everyday thinking, caught in a vicious circle. Since, so far, manual work has, by-

and-large, been performed by the uneducated, it has become customary to associate such work with a lack of education; and consequently it has been paid for on a very low scale. That this connection between manual work and low pay is not a necessary one is best shown at times like the present when there are many manual occupations in which the worker receives a reward in excess of that which the clerical worker receives. A shortage of manual labour is more acutely felt by the employer than a shortage of clerical help; and the law of supply and demand comes into operation. In what, under my definition, is called education, the two classes are, of course, mostly on a level; clerical helpers and managers or foremen have special technical training and, therefore, are superior in inducation only. In addition, there is the very large class of people who think it below their dignity to do manual work and who, at present, prefer a low level of wages to a high one, provided the former gives them the privileges of the "white collar."

Wage levels are not determined by reason, justice and sympathy. Everybody for himself, and the devil take the hindmost. By-and-large, and in "normal" times, the manual labourer is the underdog; and even if he had a clear idea of the benefits conferred by a higher education, he would be unable to pull himself out of his present status; a labourer he must remain.

Personally I am unable to see the grounds for the prevailing objection to letting a man of a higher, or even the highest, education earn his daily bread by manual labour. Roughly speaking, there are, below the class of the independently rich, four occupations which provide the living for a vast majority of the population of any country: commerce or trade, manual labour, professional service, and farming. I have arranged these in an ascending order of preference. The only one of these four groups which I invincibly shrink from is commerce or its diminutive, trade: it presupposes the desire to buy cheap and sell dear which is repugnant to me. I place manual labour second only because, in most of its forms, it is beyond my physical strength; I place farming last or highest. This personal preference is due to three factors: first, it is the most direct way of making one's daily bread; secondly, it involves an outdoor life; thirdly, it leaves the mind free to follow its bent. Since I have belonged, at various stages of my life, to all four groups, I can place manual labour into its true preferential position, which, except for the objection I have mentioned, would be next to farm-

ing. Please remember that, of course, I speak only of personal preferences, determined by my mental and emotional make-up. But, under present conditions, there are other objections to manual labour, first among which stands the normally insufficient reward —it would not, for instance, enable me to send my son to college or university; secondly, it would confine me, in a factory, to surroundings of indescribable ugliness and discomfort; thirdly, the mental level of most supervisors of manual labour is so low that it exposes the sensitive person to amazing jolts. What I want to emphasize is the fact that, for me, there is no question of prestige or social rank involved.

This latter point runs counter to all prevailing prejudices. As for the insufficiency of the reward, it has always seemed to me to be one of the signs of the fundamental perversity of our present system that this reward is inversely proportional to the necessity of the work. Throughout the existing world the man who does the most indispensable work receives the smallest and most inadequate reward; and that is the farmer; next to him stands the labourer; next the professional man; and, speaking again by-and-large, the highest reward is reserved for the man who buys carpet-tacks for two cents a package and sells them over the counter for five.

If I want to make clear the postulate at which I am aiming, I must briefly touch on one more point.

The number of those who, in early life, deliberately decide what they want to do later on for their living is amazingly small; it depends on the circumstances in which their parents live; that is to say, on something over which they have no control. If the circumstances in which the parents live are such that they enable their offspring to defer their decision of a career, there may be an intelligent choice. If not, there is not even the possibility of one. At best the parents choose for them. By far the majority of the people have their future lives determined by the chance of the job that offers. If that job is in a cobbler's shop, a cobbler will be created by the force of circumstance; if it is in a factory, the unhappy victim will be a factory hand. But, if the parents happen to be prosperous farmers, business or professional men, then the fortunate offspring is sent to high school, to college and university and sees before him unrolled the vast panorama of possibilities which the present world offers; and he can consult, not only possibilities but his own inclinations and aptitudes.

The important points are two: first, the decision is postponed, so that it can be made with a greater maturity of choice; secondly, that choice is made wider by the very fact that there are many occupations which presuppose a certain degree, if not of education, then of inducation or training.

But let us, for the moment, merge these two under the popular name of education; to the uneducated man, whether he be manager or labourer, the two appear identical. For the parent, who considers merely the economic aspect, the distinction is unimportant.

The state—which must take charge where an iniquitous condition is beyond the control of individuals or smaller groups—recognizes the importance of postponing the moment when the young man or woman has to make the decision as to his future mode of life. It places a limit on the age at which the young person can escape from compulsory attendance at school. This limit is still far too low; and it is often capable of being eluded by the parents and the young person himself. The desire thus to elude it is almost invariably the result of economic circumstances. When a parent has provided for his offspring for sixteen years, it very commonly becomes a burden to go on doing so. But, once it becomes clearly recognized that a national problem, yes, a national necessity is involved, the state *must* take a hand, inevitably and unavoidably. It has done so in Russia.

So far, however, endowment of education has, apart from the award of scholarships, taken the form of the endowment of institutions of higher learning. As usual, we have begun by building the upper story of the edifice before we have laid the foundation. If only five per cent of high-school pupils proceeds to college or university, what is the reason? It is, of course, economic. We talk of "free" education; yet that "freedom" rarely extends to the age where a real education becomes possible; in other words, where the elements of a true education, prerequisite to its acquisition, have been mastered. Even in elementary education the burden is unequally distributed, the inequality consisting in such things as distance from school and the varying ability of school-districts, especially in the open country, to pay adequate salaries to their teachers. The moment the age or grade limit of the public school is reached, any semblance of a "free" education disappears for a very large percentage of the population.

Attendance at high school—and this applies *a fortiori* to the

attendance at a university—involves in a very large number of cases either the boarding-out of children and young people in town or city or expensive daily transportation into town or city, irrespective of whether the young people come from farms or from villages too small to afford a high school.

Is there, as far as the high school is concerned, a possible remedy?

There are two, for the open country. Of these, consolidation of several districts, for the purpose of conducting high-school classes, is one. It has been tried; and while, in certain districts, especially in Western Canada, it has been beneficial, the mere fact that it has not become universal proves that there must be serious drawbacks to this expedient. I do not know whether even the most important of these have ever been pointed out. In the first place, the per-capita cost is high; an expensive building has to be provided, an expensive staff engaged; and transportation has to be provided for pupils of various districts. In the second place, this transportation over often great distances impairs the pupils' receptivity and responsiveness, besides cutting down severely the time available for recreation. I know a certain district in Manitoba, where children, on the remoter farms, have to rise, in winter, at six-thirty and hurry in order to catch the school van, often horse-drawn, especially when there is snow, at seven-thirty; at night, the van deposits the pupil near his home between five-thirty and six o'clock, that is, after dark. In that district, play on school-days, outside of the school itself, is unknown.

However, the chief objection to this remedy lies in the fact that it leaves out of account a very large contingent of possible pupils who, when they reach the legal age limit, have to cease attending because they are under a compulsion to make their living. A few girls overcome even that difficulty by hiring out for part-time domestic service, on condition that they be free to attend school. In the case of boys, this is considerably less common.

Above all, it leaves the university out altogether; and the young population splits up into the two unequal contingents of five per cent and ninety-five per cent respectively: an appalling condition.

It has been said that the high school is at fault because it arranges its curricula with a view to the pupils' proceeding to the university. It has been said, Let the high school arrange its

curricula so as to lead to a definite and final goal and throw the burden of "matriculation" on the individual.

This is a specious argument. One is tempted to illustrate it by a parable. Suppose a man wants to go from New York to London, England. But halfway across the Atlantic he is told that his liner does not go any farther. If he wants to get to London, let him swim; if he can't, so much the worse for him. For the fact remains that the experience of millennia has shown the university to be necessary for the purpose of making education what it should be, namely, a lifelong process. Even at the university it is an only too common experience that the "degree" marks an end to the learner's progress, as if an education were a commodity of which one can buy a given weight or yardage, instead of being the creation of "a state of mind" in which all things are subject to question.

But let me come to the second remedy. Let us see whether it is possible to reverse that proportion of five per cent to ninety-five per cent. In a democracy, this is obviously a problem of national importance. It cannot be left to any unit smaller than the whole. The youth of our country, and its preparedness for any emergency whatever, is the nation's premier asset, vastly more important than its so-called natural resources. If this is admitted—and I fail to see how, especially under present conditions, it can be denied—then the whole problem becomes automatically a national, in our case a federal, one. There are other, similar problems—though none of equal importance—which have been solved; that, for instance, of the nation-wide distribution of mail; or that of national defence. It would obviously be absurd to say that, since an attack on Canada must come through the Maritime Provinces or through British Columbia, these provinces should bear the burden of beating the enemy off. It goes without saying that a nation-wide scheme of university education for ninety-five per cent of the population, allowing for five per cent which might prove uneducable, would cost considerable sums and, therefore, is too large an undertaking for any unit smaller than the nation. But that such sums can be raised is proved by the fact that we do raise the still more enormous sums needed for the prosecution of the war.

Here, then, is the very radical remedy which I propose. Let us make an education, as complete as the present state of our knowledge permits, truly free by endowing the scholar. If every pupil, on entering high school, received a modest compensation

which would cover his board, the cost of the books required, and, if necessary, tuition—let me say, $5.00 a week—I believe the discrepancy between the attendance at public and high schools would disappear as if by magic; and if a similar, perhaps slightly higher compensation—let me say $350 to $400 a year—were paid, automatically, to rich and poor alike, on their matriculation at a recognized university, the proportion of five per cent to ninety-five per cent would largely be reversed—though not altogether; for unfortunately men are not born equal in mental endowment or the thirst for knowledge.

As I said, it is a radical remedy; nor can the plan be carried out in time of war; but, I believe, in the long-run it would prove feasible; what is more, if we want to have anything resembling a real democracy, it will prove necessary. At a blow it would unify the nation in a sense in which it is never unified except in times of emergency. It would establish internal peace; for the greatest obstacle to that peace is not, in my experience, the unequal distribution of wealth, but the unequal distribution of education. If the labourer in a factory stood, educationally, on a par with the manager, it would deprive the latter of his most striking superiority; it would lift the former into a new freedom of which we have, so far, no conception.

It may be objected that, in the past, the possession of even a high-school education has been considered as almost a disqualification for manual labour. A boy or a girl, having passed through high school, refused to do manual labour because manual labour had been stigmatized as an activity inferior to certain other, mostly clerical, activities.

One answer is that, in the present emergency, high-school and even college students are doing a not inconsiderable part of the manual work in factory and field. Another, that, whether we want to or not, if we wish to survive, not in this war only, but in a wider world development, we shall have to revise our evaluations in the social scale. Within a predictable time we shall be forced to face world problems of immense significance. The Germans have seen this; and in anticipation they have established their labour camps in which high and low, rich and poor, learned and illiterate meet and become acquainted, not with each other only, but, above all, with labour. The Russians, I believe, have seen the whole reasoning on which my argument is based (an argument which I have

been expounding here and there for decades). The most significant thing I have run across in reading of the Russian experiment, is the fact that the poor man has had a university education made accessible to him by state grants. Let us not deceive ourselves: the future belongs to the state which can boast of the widest extension of a truly free education and which, incidentally, has abolished the barrier which now, in Anglo-Saxon countries, separates what is commonly called labour and capital, the latter including all its satellites, the clerical employees.

It is a peculiar fact that, in asking where the problem has at least been faced—if only partially solved—we must turn to two totalitarian states. What is it that seems to handicap the so-called democracies in this race for a better constitution of the world? I would call it the political fallacy.

I do not mean to say, of course, that the long struggle for political freedom and political equality at the ballot box has been in vain; far from it. This political equality and freedom—which mean practically the universal franchise—is the *conditio sine qua non* of every other freedom; but, considering the essential conservatism of all masses, especially in Britain, it does not go far enough. It is a truism to say that, in Britain, popular clamour, which became articulate only with the universal franchise, has never been for more popular but for better government. For a long time the British voter was content to return to Parliament Liberals and Conservatives who promised him better times; and it was only comparatively recently that the labouring classes put forth their own, independent candidates; they did this when it became undeniably clear that matters would remain essentially unchanged so long as there was "a ruling class" within the state. When they saw that, they promptly applied what appeared to be the remedy. Even then the vicious principle of "representation" —that is, of the delegation of power—remained untouched. In fact, as far as I am aware, no attempt, no suggestion even, has been made to change the system in the direction of giving the vote a more direct effect on the management of the nation's business. It is not the place here to enquire into methods by means of which that could be brought about. But one prerequisite for any sort of a truly popular government is the wide and nearly equal diffusion of true education. Only by means of such a diffusion will it be possible, for one thing, to avoid violence in the crucial period which

will precede the extension of the principle of social, cultural and intellectual equality; and since that extension necessarily involves a revaluation of social values according, not to the ease, but to the necessity of certain phases of the work of the world, we must go slow; for it will be a painful process; and if we want justice for the man who is at present on the lower rungs of the social ladder, we must not forget that the demands of justice require an equal consideration for those who now stand on the upper rungs. Without such a consideration the radical changes ahead of us can be brought about only by a revolution which would involve bloodshed. To avoid such bloodshed in the slow evolution of political freedom and equality has, in the past, been the distinguishing aim of Anglo-Saxon policies.

The purpose of this essay has been to point out how the conversion of revolution into evolution can be achieved, namely by making education in its widest and most general sense free and universal.

# CHARLES PEIRCE: PIONEER IN AMERICAN THOUGHT

T. A. Goudge

DESPITE the attention which philosophers are giving to the work of Charles Peirce, his name remains virtually unknown to the general public. At best he is connected vaguely with the doctrine of pragmatism, or with the more familiar figure of William James. Yet the opinion is growing in many quarters that Peirce is one of the most distinguished thinkers America has produced. James may display greater gifts of picturesque and vivid expression; Royce a superior capacity for presenting his ideas systematically; and Dewey a keener sense of the relevance of philosophy to society. But in respect of originality, penetration, comprehensiveness and versatility, Peirce surpasses all three men. These were the qualities that made him a philosophical adventurer, a pioneer who opened up new and important realms of theory. Indeed, even the contradictions in his thinking are significant, for they bring into unique focus conflicting tendencies in the culture of his time. Because of such facts, it would seem desirable to recount the main details of his career, and thereby help to introduce him to a wider audience.

## I

Charles Peirce was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, in September, 1839. The family were middle-class intellectuals with a rather impressive record in academic life. One of his grandparents was librarian at Harvard, and author of a useful history of the college. His father was the eminent mathematician Benjamin Peirce who taught at Harvard for almost half a century. A strong talent for exact reasoning manifested itself in various members of the family. Charles possessed it in the fullest measure. But an older brother James, and a third cousin Benjamin Osgood Peirce, had the same aptitude. Both the latter were professors of mathematics on the Harvard Faculty for a number of years. Altogether, three of the family, including Charles, were honoured by election to the National Academy of Sciences. Hence, as one commentator has said, "in the annals of intellectual achievement in America, there is no greater name than Peirce."[1]

[1]E. H. Hall in the *Biographical Memoirs of the National Academy of Sciences*, VIII, 1919, 437.

Charles received his initial education from his father, so that his childhood bears a certain resemblance to that of John Stuart Mill. Like Mill he was a precocious youngster, and learned to read and write at a tender age. He was fond of consulting encyclopedias and other reference books in search of knowledge on all sorts of questions which he would then discuss with his father. The latter, desiring to train his son in the art of concentration, would from time to time play rapid games of double-dummy with him—beginning at 10 P.M. and lasting until sunrise! This spartan exercise enabled Charles to develop remarkable powers of endurance which he retained throughout life. The Peirce houshold, being a cultured one, was visited by many outstanding figures of the day. Literary men like Emerson, Longfellow, Lowell and O. W. Holmes, as well as scientists like Agassiz, Gibbs and Sylvester, were frequent guests of the family. They formed an important part of the environment in which the boy was reared.

By the time he was thirteen, Charles had an unusual grasp of the fields of mathematics and chemistry. On his own initiative he had set up a chemical laboratory in which he undertook fairly complex experiments in quantitative analysis. The reading of Whateley's *Logic* in 1852 proved an exciting and decisive experience which converted him into a permanent lover of the subject. During the whole of this period the rich and fascinating personality of his father influenced him deeply. Yet the instruction he received was exclusively intellectual. As Charles himself once confessed, he was never taught the meaning of "moral self-control," with the result that in later life he "suffered unspeakably."

After several years at school in Cambridge, he entered Harvard and graduated in 1859, the youngest member of his class. For various reasons his academic record was poor (he stood 71st in a group of 91). His strongly independent nature would not submit to the discipline of a prescribed course of studies. But he was far from being indolent. He worked away at abstruse mathematical problems, discussed them with his father, and read widely in the history of science, literature and philosophy. Among the books he studied carefully were Schiller's *Aesthetische Briefe* and Kant's *Kritik der reinen Vernuft* (which he declared he knew almost by heart!). His father wanted him to become a scientist, but Charles felt increasingly attracted to logic and philosophy.

From this point on, his career was a somewhat chequered one.

He joined the United States Coastal Survey in July, 1861, and remained associated with it intermittently for three decades. Largely in deference to his father's wishes, he took the degree of A.M. in mathematics at Harvard in 1862, and his Sc.B. in chemistry (*summa cum laude*) the following year. About this time he spent six months studying the technique of classification under Agassiz. Several minor appointments came his way, but all were of a temporary character. He lectured on the philosophy of science at Harvard during the session of 1864-5, was University Lecturer in Logic in 1870-1, and became assistant at the Harvard Observatory from 1869 to 1872. In consequence of certain astronomical investigations made there, he published the only book to appear from his pen while he was alive—*Photometric Researches* (1878). According to expert judgment it contains material that is still valuable.

Another phase of Peirce's scientific work which brought him credit grew out of his activities with the Coastal Survey. He had conducted some experiments on the measurement of gravity with the aid of a pendulum. In 1875 he was sent abroad to report his findings to the International Geodetic Conference. His contention that pendulum experiments were subject to a hitherto undetected error met with great opposition from the European delegates. A careful checking of his results, however, proved that he was right; and at a subsequent conference he received a vote of thanks and approval. Although he continued to be connected with the Survey until 1887, his researches slackened off and terminated about 1891.

In the meantime his versatile genius had invaded other fields. During 1867 the *Proceedings* of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences carried his first published articles—a series of original studies in symbolic logic and the foundations of mathematics. These were followed the next year by three papers in the *Journal of Speculative Philosophy* dealing with the analysis of discursive thought. They are among the most brilliant things he produced. Over a period of years numerous other essays got written. They cover an extraordinary range of subjects, and reveal the breadth of his interests and knowledge. Formal logic, scientific method, probability, psychology, pragmatism, metaphysics, cosmology, theology, and even Shakespearian pronunciation came within his purview. Each topic was handled with notable freshness and penetration. His total output amounted to about seventy-five published papers.

One would have thought that on the basis of his early work,

which was so obviously the product of a first-rate mind, Peirce would have had no trouble obtaining a teaching post in philosophy. But in fact, with the exception of a brief period as Lecturer in Logic at Johns Hopkins (1879-84), a permanent post was never made available to him. This turned out to be a grave misfortune both for Peirce and for American education. It deprived him of the discipline of class-room teaching, isolated him from the community to which he naturally belonged, and in the end embittered him. On the other hand, it deprived the universities of a thinker whom any institution of learning today would be proud to have on its faculty.

The reasons for Peirce's exclusion from the academic world are not wholly obscure. Religious bigotry on the part of college authorities was partly to blame. At that time it was customary for American professors of philosophy to be clergymen whose opinions were known to be theologically "sound." Peirce, however, was an outspoken opponent of ecclesiastical modes of thinking, and a defender of "scientific philosophy." This, together with the fact that he was an enthusiastic evolutionist, made him unattractive to orthodox educationalists. Furthermore, he had divorced his first wife, and to Puritan minds such an action was evidence of moral weakness that could not be condoned. On various occasions friends like James and Royce did their best to find him a position, but without avail. University administrators were obtuse to the significance of his published work, and unwilling to admit that his professional qualifications were adequate. It should be added in fairness that Peirce's short teaching career at Johns Hopkins was not an unalloyed triumph. Advanced students found him impressive and stimulating; but he went over the heads of the majority by failing to make himself clear. A tendency to be irregular in his hours and forgetful of appointments also caused some annoyance. But even when these shortcomings are taken into account, the verdict must be that Peirce received very unjust treatment from the academic community of his day.

A modest legacy came into his possession in 1887, and on the basis of it he decided to retire and devote himself to research in logic and philosophy. To this end he purchased a house situated on an extensive tract of land near Milford, Pennsylvania—"in the wildest part of the Eastern States," as he described it on one occasion. Here, fortified with a large and select library, he settled down to work. But frustration still dogged his steps. A plan he had

formed to print one logic paper every month was soon abandoned when he discovered that no one took any notice of what he was doing. He wrote copiously, completing in 1893 the manuscript of a book—his *Grand Logic*. Despite repeated efforts he was unable to interest publishers in it. Even an application to the Carnegie Institute for funds to facilitate publication was unsuccessful. His project was supported by an imposing array of names, including James, Royce, O. W. Holmes, Senator Lodge and several others. James in particular couched his recommendation in the strongest terms. "Although a man of genius in the purest sense of the word," he wrote, "Peirce has proved unable to make more than the barest living. . . . He is in the very front rank of American thinkers, and his logic when published will unquestionably be recognized all over the world as an epoch-making work." Unfortunately, such pleas continued to fall on deaf ears.

After the turn of the century Peirce was slowly reduced to a state of poverty. His legacy became exhausted through extravagance combined with a total lack of shrewdness in money matters. For a time he supported himself and his second wife precariously by doing reviews for the *Nation*, by writing articles on logic for Baldwin's *Dictionary of Philosophy*, and by lecturing on pragmatism at Harvard and the Lowell Institute. These sources of income ceased about 1906. With characteristic generosity James tried to establish a small fund for him. But the amount he was able to collect barely permitted the elderly couple to subsist. Peirce's brother "Jem," with whom he corresponded, also did what he could to be of assistance in a situation that was obviously difficult.

The closing years of Peirce's life were an unrelieved tragedy. Forced to sell most of his library, frequently without adequate fuel for the house or sufficient food for himself and Mrs. Peirce, racked with pain from the fatal illness which afflicted him, neglected and even ostracized by former associates—his state was a truly pitiful one. Yet to the end, whenever he had the strength, he sat at his desk writing down his thoughts in a trembling hand. His death came on April 19, 1914. It must be regarded as an indictment of American society that during a period when the vast fortunes of industry and finance were being piled up, a man of Peirce's calibre should be denied a decent mode of life. As he himself once wrote, "if only the world had any idea what the future of man is to be, and upon what it depends, it would above all things see to it that those

minds are not stifled by penury who might do something to bring about the destined elevation of man's estate."

Shortly after his death, at the suggestion of Royce, the Harvard Department of Philosophy acquired Peirce's manuscripts. There were literally thousands of them in every conceivable stage of completion, including numerous drafts of the same paper. Such a chaotic accumulation of fragments seemed to defy all attempts at ordering. Various members of the Philosophy Department worked through them; but it was not until 1930 that they were finally assembled in a form suitable for publication, largely due to the efforts of Drs. Charles Hartshorne and Paul Weiss. Under their expert editorship the Harvard Press published six handsome volumes of the *Collected Papers of Charles Sanders Peirce* between 1931 and 1935. Eventually the set is to be expanded to ten volumes, which will thus make available to the world a representative selection of Peirce's writings. For those who desire a briefer glimpse into his thought, a compact, single volume has now been provided.[2]

Even in their edited form, Peirce's papers strike the reader as fragmentary, repetitious and rambling. Nor are they free from obscurities and contradictions. Yet one can discern in them the contours of a massive philosophical system which was never brought to completion.[3] They also bear witness to an exceedingly subtle and original mind, reinforced by a rich imagination, wide learning and a profound logical acumen. The writing is of very diverse texture, sometimes concrete and personal, sometimes abstract and formal. When the spirit moved him, Peirce could be admirably clear in his exposition of complex problems. On other occasions he seems to glory in dark sayings. Too often, as Royce aptly remarked, "the reader meets a thought of surpassing brilliancy and follows it eagerly, only to have it disappear like the cuttlefish in the inky blackness of its own secretion."[4] Perhaps the thing to be most regretted is that he was temperamentally incapable of sustained and orderly exposition.

In physical appearance Peirce was of stocky build, with dark

[2] *The Philosophy of Peirce* (*Selected Writings*) ed. J. Buchler, 1940.

[3] About 1898, Peirce printed at his own expense a pamphlet announcing somewhat pretentiously "an extensive work in twelve volumes" to be entitled "The Principles of Philosophy: or, Logic, Physics, and Psychics, considered as a unity, in the Light of the Nineteenth Century"—price to subscribers only, $2.50 per volume!

[4] *Journal of Philosophy*, XIII, 1916, 707.

eyes and a full beard. Judging from a typical photograph, he liked to assume a jaunty manner. His personality was complex and many-sided. Conjoined with an acute intellect was a highly emotional nature which he never succeeded in mastering. Consequently, he was quick to take affront, indifferent to the results of his actions, and often overbearing towards those who stood in his way. Among certain professional associates he had the reputation of being haughty and conceited, though free from academic jealousy. At social gatherings he could be courteous and charming, a sympathetic listener and an interesting conversationalist. He had a weakness for good food, and frequently when money was available, he would dine sumptuously, even at the cost of going hungry next day. Owing to circumstances he had a limited circle of friends, the most intimate being William James for whom he entertained a deep affection. Peirce was wont to criticize himself for being "a mere table of contents, so abstract, a very snarl of twine." But considering the vicissitudes of his career, he deserves great credit for his unswerving devotion to philosophy. In this respect his integrity is beyond all reproach.

## II

Some remarks may now be made regarding Peirce's contribution to American thought. Since technical details would be out of place in the present essay, only the most general sketch of his work will be offered.

About the year 1850 the science of logic, which had remained in a static condition since the days of Aristotle, suddenly began to develop. This was mainly due to the activity of the Irish mathematician Boole, who applied algebraic or symbolic techniques to the subject, and thereby started a revolution that is still in progress. Peirce was a pioneer in this enterprise. Not only did he make Boole's researches known in America, but he perfected the Boolean algebra of logic in a variety of ways, rendering it applicable to propositions, relations, probability, and arithmetic. Another important part of the field, the logic of relations, owes its foundations in large measure to him. By indicating how arithmetic could be derived from purely logical premisses, he anticipated many developments that were later embodied in the epoch-making *Principia Mathematica* of Whitehead and Russell. The wealth and variety of Peirce's contributions to symbolic logic can only be appreciated fully

by the professional student who has followed them through the pages of the *Collected Papers*. They prove that he was undoubtedly the most versatile, and possibly the profoundest, logician of the nineteenth century.

Although fully competent to handle abstruse logical calculi, Peirce's interest did not lie mainly in that quarter. His concern was rather to understand logic as a significant human activity. It was in this connection that deepening insight led him to realize that logic is "only another name for *semiotic*"—the formal doctrine of signs. Like Aristotle, Peirce was impressed by the fact that language is the medium through which the rationality of the world is expressed and communicated. "The woof and warp of all thought and all research is symbols, and the life of thought and science is the life inherent in symbols."[5] Accordingly, he set about investigating such topics as the nature of symbolism, language, interpretation, meaning, etc., and became the founder of what is now called "semantics" or "the theory of signs." The best contemporary work on this subject has been based on the patterns he discovered; while the more superficial salesmen of semantics (of which we have a growing number) would derive much-needed enlightenment from a study of his analyses.

A sign is defined by Peirce in the most general terms as anything "which stands to someone for something in some respect or capacity."[6] The symbolic process is therefore triadic, involving the sign, the thing signified, and the interpreter of the sign. Every instance of cognition or communication, from the simplest to the most complex, requires these three elements. In addition to formulating certain principles which govern the functioning of signs, Peirce also seeks to classify them. His published writings make use of a tenfold division. But in his correspondence with Lady Welby (court-attendant to Queen Victoria and expert in semantics!) he differentiates no less than sixty-six types of signs. Because he was confronted with an entirely new domain of inquiry, Peirce's discussions are exploratory rather than definitive. "I am," he writes, "as far as I know, a pioneer, or rather a backwoodsman, in the work of clearing and opening what I call *semiotic*, that is, the doctrine of the essential nature and fundamental varieties of possible semiosis; and I find

[5] *Collected Papers*, II, paragraph 220.
[6] *Ibid.*, II, 228.

the field too vast, the labour too great, for a first-comer."[7] Few initiators of a discipline, however, have discerned its main features so accurately, or said as many important things about it.

The focal problem of symbolism is "the meaning of meaning." In dealing with this issue Peirce links his theory of signs with his pragmatism. The traditional way of indicating the meaning of a sign was either to present a symbolic equivalent (e.g., a dictionary definition) or to appeal to some kind of intuition. Peirce rejected both procedures as intrinsically vague; and contended that the meaning of a sign consists in its "practical bearings," i.e. its consequences in terms of *action*. "The rational purport of a word or other expression lies exclusively in its conceivable bearing upon the conduct of life; so that . . . if one can define accurately all the conceivable experimental phenomena which the affirmation or denial of a concept could imply, one will have therein a complete definition of the concept, and *there is absolutely nothing more in it*."[8] This pragmatic principle is the one used with so much success in the natural sciences. By recognizing practice as the proper criterion of meaning, it makes the latter depend on a factor that is wholly objective and public. It thus provides an instrument for the conclusive settlement of intellectual disputes. Because it emphasizes the importance of practical consequences, pragmatism is a philosophical version of the ancient maxim, "By their fruits ye shall know them."

According to Peirce the above doctrine was first formulated in discussions held during the early 1870's at the little "Cambridge Metaphysical Club." The members of this group included Peirce, James, Chauncey Wright, Nicholas St. John Green, O. W. Holmes Jr., F. E. Abbott and John Fiske. At one of the last meetings, Peirce read a paper containing the initial statement of pragmatism. It was later published under the title "How To Make Our Ideas Clear" in the issue of January, 1878, of the *Popular Science Monthly*. At the time the article attracted no attention. But twenty years after, William James publicly acknowledged his indebtedness to it; and in consequence it became something of a classic. Peirce, however, tended to dissociate himself from the Jamesian version of pragmatism which he considered too extreme, not to say superficial. Indeed, towards the end of his life he coined the term "pragmaticism" to denote his own position as distinct from the one being

[7] *Ibid.*, V, 488. [8] *Ibid.*, V, 412.

popularized by James's facile pen. The main difference between the two renderings, without going into detail, is that Peirce's pragmatism gives primary emphasis to the social and the general; whereas James, with his "radical empiricism," stresses the individual and the particular.[9]

Peirce was not merely interested in the theory of meaning employed in the natural sciences, but also in their logical structure. His first-hand acquaintance with experimental procedure enabled him to make some original contributions to this topic also. Thus, science is envisaged as man's most reliable method of establishing true beliefs about the objective order of nature. The enterprise is throughout social and co-operative. While the results achieved at any moment are provisional, there is inherent in scientific method a self-corrective tendency which enables it to eliminate its own errors and gradually approximate to the ideal of absolute truth. Peirce shows how three logical processes are interlaced in scientific inquiry: abduction (the forming of hypotheses), deduction (the theoretical elaboration of hypotheses), and induction (the experimental testing of hypotheses). He was the first person to see clearly that induction rests on the technique of sampling—a matter that has received spectacular illustration recently in the various national "polls" of public opinion. Other themes, such as the nature of probability and its relation to induction, receive illuminating treatment in the *Collected Papers*. His discussions, although often abstruse, give the impression of being an authentic report of what happens when the scientist goes to work. And the value of using scientific method in philosophy is frequently stressed as well as illustrated.

Like every great thinker, Peirce was deeply attracted to problems of metaphysics. His ideas on this subject are rooted in his doctrine of the categories or primary modes of being. Peirce was the promoter of a science which he called "phenomenology" (sometimes "phaneroscopy") whose task is defined as the impartial scrutiny of whatever appears in any way or in any sense to the mind. Its purpose is to ascertain the most general characteristics belonging to *all* phenomena, with a view to classifying them under certain broad headings. Largely by the aid of this science, Peirce reached the conclusion that there are three and only three basic categories of reality—Firstness, Secondness, and Thirdness. Firstness denotes such things as the qualities of phenomena, the freshness of imme-

[9]Cf. R. B. Perry, *The Thought and Character of William James*, II, 406-40.

diate experience, the vividness of sensation, feeling, spontaneity, indeterminism, possibility. Secondness denotes the element of settled fact, action and reaction, brute force, "struggle," individual existence. Thirdness denotes the element of interpretation, thought, meaning, law, habit, generality.[10] Peirce saw these categories as pervading the entire universe. Suggested to him originally by Kant, they were justified, he felt, both by logic and observation. He purports to find empirical illustrations of them in the fields of logic, semantics, psychology, biology, physiology, physics and metaphysics. But it is often difficult to avoid the suspicion that the "Peircean triad" is being used as a Procrustean bed.

The metaphysical categories which predominate in Peirce's thought are: mind, matter, evolution; chance, law, habit-taking. These are interrelated in such a way as to leave no doubt that he was (as he often declared) a philosophical idealist. Thus, mind in the form of feeling is asserted to be the basic stuff of existence. What appears to us as matter is really "effete and slumbering mind." The laws of nature are interpreted anthropomorphically as "habits" taken on by this low-grade mind in the course of its evolution. Peirce makes a sweeping application of the principle of continuity ("synechism") in arguing for the psychical homogeneity of the universe. Combined with the principle is an elaborate defence of the objective reality of chance ("tychism") which leads him to repudiate all forms of determinism and materialism. The whole scheme is bound together by his thoroughgoing adoption of the evolutionary principle.

> We can readily see what sort of a metaphysics would appropriately be constructed from these conceptions. Like some of the most ancient and some of the most recent speculations it would be a Cosmogonic Philosophy. It would suppose that in the beginning—infinitely remote—there was a chaos of unpersonalized feeling, which being without connection or regularity would properly be without existence. This feeling, sporting here and there in pure arbitrariness, started the germ of a generalizing tendency. . . . Thus the capacity to take on habits began; and from this, with the other principles of evolution, all the regularities of the universe were evolved. At any time, however, an element of pure chance survives and will remain until the world becomes an absolutely perfect, rational, and symmetrical system, in which mind is at last crystallized in the infinitely distant future.[11]

Such is Peirce's vague and grandiose "guess at the riddle."

It has been mentioned that the *Collected Papers* are liberally besprinkled with contradictory statements on various topics. These

[10]Cf. *Collected Papers*, I, 286-560. [11]*Ibid.*, VI, 33.

have caused embarrassment to commentators who seek to discover in Peirce a coherent system of ideas. The opinion of the writer is that no such system can be found. The reason is that Peirce's own mind harboured an unresolved contradiction between incompatible tendencies—the one scientific, the other romantic. Not only did these tendencies affect his thinking in all its phases, but they are themselves the reflection of a conflict in the American culture of his day, illustrated, for example, by the movements of scientific evolutionism and New England transcendentalism—both of which influenced Peirce profoundly. Adequate proof of this thesis would take us beyond the limits of the present essay. But some of the relevant evidence, so far as it bears on his metaphysics, may be hinted at in closing.

The scientific tendency in Peirce's thought finds expression in his experimental researches, his logical and semantic studies, his pragmatism, his interpretation of scientific method, his acceptance of "critical common-sensism" in philosophy, and his espousal of evolutionism. The metaphysical position appropriate to all this is naturalism or materialism. To the degree that his cosmology posits a purely chance origin for the universe and makes no appeal to cosmic purposes of any kind, there is a partial approximation to this position. But the deep romantic tendency in Peirce leads him to construe evolution in idealistic terms. Consequently, instead of materialism, we get an emphasis on the primacy of feeling, an explanation of matter as "effete mind," an attack on determinism, and a defence of anthropomorphism. Other manifestations of the same tendency are Peirce's quasi-Platonic conception of ideas, his belief that science should have no interest in practical affairs, his praise of instinct rather than reason as a guide in "matters of vital importance," and his favouring of "conservative sentimentalism" as the proper social attitude.[12] It must be taken as a tribute to his candour that few of the implications of his incompatible premises are suppressed.

To read Peirce in the light of such an interpretation involves no disparagement of his genius. On the contrary, by refusing to impose an artificial system on him, we are free to profit from the rich and diverse insights of his mind wherever they arise. We learn to appreciate him as the pioneer that he was; and in so doing understand the meaning of William James's remark that "his work is a gold-mine of ideas for thinkers of the coming generation."

[12] *Ibid.*, I, 219; II, 149; V, 589; I, 619-73.

# PURE WELL OF LATIN UNDEFILED

WILLIAM HARDY ALEXANDER

IN a recent article in this QUARTERLY,[1] while discussing the classical authors read by Montaigne, I ventured at one point to express myself as follows in connection with the great essayist's profound respect for Caesar:

> It is not without interest that so understanding a critic of Roman literature as Mackail should likewise have felt, as some others of us are not ashamed to feel, that Julius Caesar stands side by side in Latin prose with Lucretius in poetry as exhibiting at the peak what the Latin language could achieve by itself, without richness and beauty gathered from alien sources; the appreciation of Caesar's *Bellum Gallicum* is the appreciation of *latine loqui* on the prose side.

A subsequent reviewer of my article, Professor Gilbert Norwood, *quem honoris causa nomino*, speaks of it as arousing his "wrathful amazement with a sudden paean in praise of Caesar's 'style'";[2] the reference must be to the quotation above. This drives me back to consider once again what I actually said about Caesar's writing, and also leads me to enquire what it may have been that excited in my reviewer indignation and surprise. Beyond that I should like to set out as dispassionately as I can, without any paeans, my reasons for regarding Julius Caesar as quite unique on his literary side.

It would seem from Professor Norwood's phrase that his wrathful amazement was provoked by the suggestion that Caesar has style. As I shall presently show, however, that is not what I said about him, but I should not have been at all ashamed to have suggested it. There is, after all, a certain satisfaction and sense of security in erring with Plato, and if I attribute style to Caesar, I derive the most respectable authority for doing so, from antiquity itself. Cicero's comments in the *Brutus*[3] should suffice to convince us that Cicero regarded Caesar as the greatest of contemporaneous Latin orators—next to himself, and Cicero would never have awarded even second place to a styleless performer in a field which he had himself so conspicuously adorned.[4] Quintilian too in his

[1] XI, October, 1941, 84. [2] XI, April, 1942, 329.

[3] The whole passage from 248 to 261 inclusive abounds in almost unqualified praise of Caesar for possessing all those things that go to make style in oratory.

[4] The late Professor Sihler thought, however, that Cicero was at the time under pretty heavy obligation to Caesar and stepped up his praise accordingly. See his *Annals of Caesar* (New York, 1911), 263-4.

*Education of the Orator*,[5] after commenting on Caesar's practical success in oratory as measured by the getting of results, adds very significantly: "but all these (achievements) of his are graced with a marvellous power of selectivity in vocabulary, to which he devoted much thought." Now in any worth-while style the choice of the *mot juste* ranks high. It is improbable that Tacitus is just idly repeating a current opinion when he writes of Caesar as a match for the best orators of his time,[6] and Suetonius must have had plenty of authority for saying that "after his prosecution of Dolabella he was unquestionably numbered among the leading legal orators of his day."[7] The ancients evidently thought that in oratory Caesar had style.

If, however, it is urged that it would be sounder to discuss Caesar's possession of style in a branch of literature in which we have a fair amount of his actual material available whereon to form a judgment of our own, I feel bound to ask on what basis it is proposed to measure style. Is it to be regarded as fair that we should return to pass judgment on the ancients by employing modern ideas of style? Let no one be in haste to concur in that view unless he is willing to have some of his personal idols banged unceremoniously about; there are highly sensitive and soundly educated moderns who regard Aeschylus as a pompous fraud and Cicero as a tedious phrase-maker, and they could probably demonstrate the validity of both these propositions by an appeal to modern canons of style. The fairer way would appear to be this, to recognize that at certain periods thought has reached higher levels of expression in literature than at others, and then to enquire what were the prevailing conditions, external and spiritual, in those periods, and who, working subject to those conditions, were recognized as stylists by their contemporaries.

> You then whose judgment the right course would steer,
> Know well each ANCIENT'S proper character;
> His fable, subject, scope in ev'ry page;
> Religion, country, genius of his age:
> Without all these at once before your eyes,
> Cavil you may, but never criticize.[8]

We may check the judgment of a writer's contemporaries by setting against it a verdict more conformable to the views of our own time,

[5] 10. 1. 114. [6] *Annals*, 13. 3. [7] *Divus Julius*, 55. 1.
[8] Pope, *The Essay on Criticism*, 118-23.

but if we are dealing with a representative of a great or even near-great age of letters we must in the end pretty well make up our minds to accept the judgment of those contemporaries, and if in the view of reputable contemporaries such and such a representative had style, we should feel neither indignant nor amazed but only interested if it reflects a judgment different from our own. So when Cicero says of Caesar's *Commentaries on the Gallic War*

> They merit the strongest approval; they are stripped (to the skin), well set up, and comely to look upon, having laid aside as it were a garment all rhetorical adornment; but while Caesar sought to provide others who wanted to write history with pre-digested source-material from which to draw, he possibly humored fools who will try to marcel his narrative with their curling-irons, but he has scared off everybody in his senses, for there is nothing in the field of history more charming than simple, luminous condensation,—

when Cicero writes thus,[9] I am sure that we must admit that here too, as in oratory, Caesar was a great stylist. Style may well consist in simplicity, luminosity and condensation quite as much as in complexity, mysteriousness and prolixity, though this fact seems at times to be forgotten.

Two things have injured Caesar's chance of being regarded as a stylist by the present-day world. There is first, the matter-of-fact and purely objective way in which he records carnage and tabulates the destruction of human life; but I suppose that this charge is losing its edge in a time when even professors at their quiet breakfast tables gloat over the grim Russian communiqués with their blunt figures of Nazis slaughtered by the tens of thousands like rabbits in an Australian battue. Caesar, like the Russians, was writing about war, and the sound objective of war has always been the destruction of the enemy's forces; this has nothing to do with style. Then, next, Caesar has suffered a second assassination, this time in a literary way; he has been the selected medium through which for several generations school-children have been introduced to the not inconsiderable phenomenon of continuous Latin prose reading as opposed to the disjointed sentences and the snippets of their First Book, whatever it may be.[10] When we consider that those who in our day

[9] *Brutus*, 262.

[10] It must be carefully borne in mind, however, that Caesar's *Commentaries* were not used for school-book purposes in antiquity. That would have been contrary to the Augustan conspiracy of silence against the Great Dictator which I have discussed in my "Julius Caesar in the Pages of Seneca the Philosopher" (*Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada*, third series, sect. II, XXXV, 1941,

as mature adults pass judgment on who is or is not a stylist, mostly began their literary careers by cracking their teeth on the hard nuts of the *Bellum Gallicum*, at an age and in circumstances where it was far more profitable to know the principal parts of *caedo* and keep them well and truly separated from those of *cado* and *cedo*, than to ponder on an author's literary manner, we can understand why the supposed attribution of a style to their ancient enemy evokes in them indignation and surprise. It is a sad thing, however great the compliment educationally, to become a school-book for the reception of the marginal and interlinear glosses of youth; generations yet unborn will rise up and call you every negation of blessed that occurs to their fertile imagination.[11]

From this digression on what the ancients thought of Caesar's style and on certain reasons why Caesar has been denied a style at all by some moderns, I now return to remark that I did not in my original comment on Caesar even assert that he had style; the meat of my observation was that the appreciation of Caesar's *Bellum Gallicum* is the appreciation of *latine loqui* on the prose side. That judgment was not actually a judgment on style at all; it was only the statement of a belief that nowhere in Latin prose would you find the genius of the Latin language better represented than in Caesar's *Bellum Gallicum*.[12] That still leaves it open for anyone so desiring to maintain that any or all Latin prose writers had a better style than Caesar or even that Caesar had none at all;[13] it does, however, assert

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15-28). Statistics of quotations in the *Grammatici Latini*, not a bad test here, while showing Vergil mentioned 6000 times, exhibit Caesar's *Bellum Gallicum* quoted just twice! Cf. Sihler, *op. cit.*, 265.

[11]Cf. Horace, *Satires*, 1. 10. 74-75:

> Or, fool, wouldst thou in cheap Board schools prefer
> To have thy verse assigned memoriter?

An author like Vergil has survived this treatment better than Caesar because he is read a couple of years later when some at least of the surviving pupils have begun to wash behind their mental ears.

[12]So W. Warde Fowler in his *Julius Caesar* (London, 1889), 129: "*Its Latin is in itself perfect, a genuine Roman product*, with the neatness of the best Attic Greek, but wholly independent of Hellenic adornment," and 132: "an imperishable *monument of the true Roman type of mind*" (italics mine).

[13]Professor H. J. Rose comes close to that in his *Handbook of Latin Literature* (London, 1936), 213. "It is unfortunate," he asserts, "that most young students of Latin are introduced to it [Caesar's style] early and thus get the impression that it is normal writing of that time." I do not think that Professor Rose need worry much about the "mistaken impression" to which he refers; not

that nowhere will you find the peculiar something which is Latin better illustrated than in the *Bellum Gallicum*, that something which is Latin without richness and beauty added from cullings in other fields. It is to claim for Caesar what Naevius, greatly daring, claimed for himself in his famous self-epitaph, that in him was so much embodied the power *latine loqui* that with his demise men at Rome forgot how to speak Latin. It would seem then that I must say something about what goes to make up Latinity, since it was Latinity and not necessarily literary style that I was vindicating for Caesar.

Latinity seems to me to imply in the first place a loyalty to the Latin language as such; it must be regarded as intrinsically a sound medium of expression. One must be willing to achieve his results within the confines, narrow if you will, of the Latin tongue; that, I think, is the self-abnegation of Latin classicism at its best, and its best I feel to be very good indeed. To accept a relatively small and restricted vocabulary as a conditioning factor of what you have to say, and by the most careful manipulation of that vocabulary to secure as nearly as possible the perfect expression of what you are striving to say, is a very chaste and a very dignified achievement; it is Caesar's achievement in the *Bellum Gallicum*. From Caesar himself Aulus Gellius quotes the principle which, having practised it in his own work, he set up for others: "keep thou this in thy heart and breast ever, to flee as it were a jutting reef a word that has not been heard and that is without the sanction of usage."[14] This, of course, if literally interpreted, is a fastidious negative absolutism; it is a counsel of extreme avoidance in language which could never be followed to the letter, but a very useful counsel for the writer of a language constantly exposed to the insidious inroads of Greek fifth columnists.[15] In following his own rule as closely as he might

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one young person in a thousand at that age would form any, mistaken or otherwise, on such a subject. The point that it is good Latin is proved by the cry of admiration it wrung from the critical Cicero, and beyond that it is clear, logical narrative. Even the monotonousness of language and syntax of which Professor Rose complains has great value; there must be repetition and plenty of it for the sound learning of any technique, manual or mental.

[14] *Noctes Atticae*, 1. 10. 4.

[15] I do not believe that Latin writers are nearly as much indebted to Greek as seems to be so casually assumed by most classical scholars, but there was always a danger lurking there. The elder Cato saw it clearly in the early decades of the second century B.C.

Caesar undoubtedly fully earned the praise elsewhere accorded him by Gellius of being "a man who, far beyond others of his own time, was most refined in conversational language."[16] And Cicero, who refers emphatically to his *elegantia*,[17] "selectivity of vocabulary," tells us that Caesar secured it in the only way in which it was ever secured by any one, "by zealous and painstaking application."[18] This would bar most of the borrowing from the Greek. Seneca also a century later had a strong aversion to the importation of Greek words into Latin; he saw no reason for saying to Lucilius that he was suffering from a Greek *asthma* rather than a Latin *suspirium*.[19] It was a justified instinct of self-protection in a Roman.

We can now see how sound a choice it was that for some generations sent Latin beginners to Caesar first in order that they might learn a Latin vocabulary, pure and undefiled; the educators who made this decision believed Caesar when he said in the first book of his *De Analogia* that the correct choice of words is the fountainhead of style.[20] This work, called also by Suidas the lexicographer the *Art of Grammar*, dealt as well with the rule of reason in speaking and writing Latin;[21] Professor Sihler translated its title into *Rule and Conformity in Grammar*. We may assume that its author dealt not only with selectivity of vocabulary but also with careful choice in the actual machinery of language, that is, in syntax, and that he applied there the same principle of rejection of the obsolete and the colloquial in favour of a regular and systematic corpus of grammatical relationships. Thus it is that Caesar's syntax, like Caesar's vocabulary, is on the whole the best thing for a beginner to encounter first, even if Caesar's strict ideas of syntactical conformity may appear to produce monotony. If the object of studying Latin is to learn the language,[22] it is painful to reflect how at the present time Latin beginners are so very often fed on a non-vitaminous diet of "made" Latin; the results of this diet are scrawny, undernourished specimens of twentieth-century Latinity who are not really capable of telling with any degree of certainty

[16] *N.A.*, 19. 8. 3: *sermonis castissimi.*

[17] I take this to be a by-form of *eligentia* which won out.

[18] *Brutus*, 252. [19] *Moral Epistles*, 54. 1.

[20] Quoted by Cicero, *Brutus*, 253: *verborum delectum originem esse eloquentiae.*

[21] In the same section of the *Brutus: de ratione latine loquendi.*

[22] I still cling to this idea in spite of the "content" and "background" gentlemen.

good Latin from bad.[23] Caesar's honest belief in war as an instrument of national policy has done him no good, of course, in a world mostly content to drift into the Sargasso Sea of a nebulous Kellogg Pact, and, as girls joined their brothers in high-school classes, it was argued that something other than Caesar should be found for their training (without regard, be it noted, for the welfare of the boys), but it may be that in a brave new world of universal military service with plenty of Waacs, Waafs, Waves, and Wrens sporting uniforms, the *Bellum Gallicum* may come into its own again and displace feeble Latin versions of the knavery and duplicity of Odysseus. The honest violence of war could hardly be morally lower in its effect than such petty dealings.

This is not the time or the place to attempt a detailed discussion of Caesarian syntax; special studies have been made of it, of course, and particularly of its relation to the syntax of Cicero.[24] What principally emerges from these studies is that Caesar is a more precise grammarian than Cicero, and is more careful than the orator to avoid what we may call colloquial syntax with its easy variations from the norm; this is again a sound reason for making him a "beginning" author, since a point once mastered in Caesar is likely to give uniformly faithful service thereafter. This is educationally a very helpful situation; young people, despite the outward appearance of revolt they may present in speech and appearance, are most snobbishly conservative at heart and really love uniformity, regularity and identicalness.

On matters of vocabulary and syntax one can make formal studies of his own or can resort to the formal investigations of others and thus establish quasi-mathematically some pretty definite things about Caesar's use of words and cultivation of grammatical rules. But that is not all, and indeed there lies beyond vocabulary and syntax the whole question of the impression made on one by reading the *Bellum Gallicum* either as a whole or in large masses, and here we pass, no doubt, into the more elusive region of the subjective feeling, the higher intuition; yet in all literary studies this is the thing that must ultimately be faced. The method of the doctoral thesis will take us only so far, and often not very far, in the field of letters; then personal experience, reflecting itself in a

[23] If it is argued that "made" Latin is even more regular, my reply is that it most obviously and painfully lacks the *élan vital* of the real thing.

[24] Such as Jules Lebreton's *Caesariana Syntaxis* (Paris, 1901).

sense for values that could hardly be mathematically justified, enters in, and we feel rather than know. Yet perhaps feeling, supported by industry and mellowed by experience, is often the surest form of knowledge in the humanities, not the child of idleness that shrinks from hard work but the offspring of reading and re-reading. It is founded on the *lesen, viel lesen, sehr viel lesen* of the old German philologue's advice to the student who was enquiring into the secret of success as a Latinist. It is the sort of thing that enshrines itself in such a judgment as that of Warde Fowler upon these very *Notes on the Gallic War* that we are discussing: "while no individual sentence may linger long in our memory, the whole composition has exactly the desired effect."[25]

Now in deciding that Latin literature affords us no better opportunity than the *Bellum Gallicum* of Caesar to see what *latine loqui* means on its prose side, at least two things will be supremely important; the first will be our conception of the Latin character which is to reveal itself in language, and the second our view as to how the manner of expression (I will not say "style") in the *Bellum Gallicum* fits in with that conception. I am quite aware of the danger here of arguing in a circle and of being governed by a *parti pris*; one may start out with the conviction in his mind that the *Bellum Gallicum* represents the true Latin manner and then argue from that just what the Latin manner was by dwelling long and lovingly on the *Bellum Gallicum*. For myself I can only say that, as I have already urged, some consideration must be accorded to experience. Now my own has been that, like most of my generation, I began my Latin reading with the *Gallic War*, and in true schoolboy style received no particular impression from it at all, except that the indirect narration could be pretty tough. It was forty years later, after much reading and re-reading of various Latin authors in the interval, that I turned back with a sort of sense of duty to read Caesar again, and frankly I was amazed, though not wrathfully, to find myself presently being convinced that whatever might be said about the others, this was Latin: *hic est aut nusquam quod quaerimus*. That is the story; I do not know what explanation there is for it, but I am inclined to think that it may be just another case of the seeds planted in early youth by a conscientious Latin teacher lying all those years neglected in their quiet growing *velut arbor aevo*, only to produce in later years a surprising harvest of sound conclusion.

[25] *Op. cit.*, 130.

How shall we write of a national character? Perhaps it would be safer to decide the when rather than the how, that is, to pick some period at which to describe it when those traits that seem most permanent in it are judged to stand out clearest. In the case of the Roman character it must be before world-dominion enters in to complicate the structure beyond ready understanding and interpretation; I would hazard the choice of the third century B.C. between the First and the Second Punic Wars, though my individual example, Cato the Elder, belongs in his manhood a generation later, and though the Roman character exhibited itself very strikingly in some of the events of the second struggle with Carthage.

At the point I have selected there is still left in the Roman make-up a fair measure of simplicity; the farmer-burghers beside the lower Tiber stream are not yet masters of a world with all the evil implications for character of such a term. But they have definitely shown themselves a courageous, resolute and even pushful people; they have caught glimpses of certain goals and have striven stoutly towards these. They have viewed and interpreted them objectively; there has been no foolish talk of "Rome's mission" (we shall have to wait till Vergil for that) nor the "Roman burden" (Livy will sigh over it), but a clear, cold decision, a self-centred decision, about what these goals meant to Rome. They have not been explained as spiritual ideals, but regarded and striven after as practical ends. By that standard of judgment the Roman people had a very definite clarity of outlook; their purposefulness, clarity and utter objectivity are perhaps only three aspects of one quality. Yet, although there is a good deal of conquering business about all this, they remain, for a nation, not too unfair in their external dealings;[26] they have a judicial quality that fits in well with their purposeful attitude, and in international dealings that is as near as we ever get to fairness. In their dealings with other states as well as in their internal legislation they are learning the value in contractual and political expression of precision,—too well, the dazed parties of the second part sometimes incline to think. And

[26]Provided that the *externi* fell within the circle of what may be called the "civilized" peoples; for native and non-civilized races Romans had about the same feelings that characterized the Spaniards in Mexico and South America and the British settlers on the New England coast and their descendants on the plains of the west. This should be carefully kept in mind in reading the *Bellum Gallicum*.

with this precision is associated a sound virtue of restraint or compression in language, the value of which anyone may appreciate for himself who will compare the clarity of the Roman law with the terrible jargon turned out by modern parliaments and legislatures, and, too often, by the tenants of the modern bench. In public speech there is such rhetorical dignity as comes from plain, business-like handling of issues concretely conceived; Greek rhetoric has not as yet, with its love of the form rather than the substance, invaded the territory of honest Latin speech with its quips, and cranks and wiles. Let us not be too cynical about this sketch unless we are equally ready to be cynical over the usual view of the Elizabethan Age in English history, the Revolution of 1776 in American annals, and above all the great seismic *quatre-vingt-neuf*. All history affords the same opportunity for cynicism, but not every opportunity is welcomed by the sincere and thoughtful man. The outline that I have given above is based substantially on truth as far as any historical generalization can claim to be so based.

Now the above account of the Roman character is in my judgment a fair statement in a broad way of the spirit that runs through the *Bellum Gallicum* of Caesar, but I shall not rest that decision on my own authority; instead I shall quote two relevant passages.

> In the *Memoirs* [of Caesar] we are captivated by the clarity, the compression, and the simplicity of the presentation, and beyond that by the objective tone in which Caesar, like a third party, speaks of the events. The reader never grows weary, but on the contrary follows the story with intense excitement. Only a personality wrapped up in itself, thoroughly confident, alien to anything that is vague and purposeless, could display such mastery over the material and develop such a power as shines forth from both works, but especially from the one that deals with the Gallic war.[37]

Or, if German comment is suspect in these days when it has done so much to undermine its own standing by the Goebbelsizing of fact into fiction and fiction into fact, we may listen to Warde Fowler in his charming life of Julius Caesar:

> Written indeed as it [the *Bellum Gallicum*] was with an immediate political purpose it was inevitable that some things should be suppressed which would give a handle to his enemies at home, and others perhaps of which it would be impolitic to remind his officers, for that Caesar was blameless throughout so long and so trying a command was neither possible nor true. But what he does tell us we may believe to be true, in perhaps a greater degree than we can trust any historical work of antiquity; *and in their clearness, their force, their self-restraint,*

[37] Schanz-Hosius, *History of Latin Literature*, part 1, 341.

*the* Commentaries *remain an imperishable monument of the true Roman type of mind,* of which . . . Caesar was perhaps the last, and certainly the greatest example.[28]

The material that has accumulated around me while I have been putting these thoughts together has now massed itself in piles of books and periodicals to right and left, and I feel that I have acquired all that is necessary to build a fortress behind the walls of which I could easily defend the proposition that not only does Caesar have "style" but stands as one of the foremost of all Latin stylists.[29] But this is not what I set out to do; my intention was only to make good the assertion that nowhere better than in the Latinity of Caesar's *Bellum Gallicum* would one come to know what the Latin language could achieve with its own unaided powers, and I have convinced at least myself by this re-survey of the situation that I have not at all overstated my case. I shall not hope to convince anyone else simply by words of mine, but I should like to think that I may by now have persuaded some of my readers to get out their Caesars, possibly not disturbed since the days when they dog's-eared them long ago, and enjoy in their years of discretion and maturity a draught from the pure well of Latin undefiled. I recommend the thrilling narrative of Book v from chapter 26 to the end of the book for a start; it will be hard on modern war-correspondents, many of whom probably claim a "style," but you will then see to good effect the Roman as he was and his language as it could be. Not a bad showing on both counts!

[28] *Op. cit.*, 132. The italics are, of course, mine.

[29] Krebs in his *Historische Einleitung*, 4, as reprinted in the seventh (Krebs-Schmalz) edition of his *Antibarbarus* (Basel, 1905), named Marcus Cicero, Caesar and Quintus Cicero as representing in their writing "the fullest bloom of language and speech, never again subsequently attained by any other." But I shall leave the defence of Quintus Cicero's style to some other champion!

# SOMETHING OF WHAT HAPPENS IN *HAMLET*

JOE LEE DAVIS

THE tendency of recent scholarship is to seek to resolve the vexing, many-faceted issue of what happens in *Hamlet* by viewing the play with reference to various Renaissance ideas rather than with reference to the frequently told but still disputed story of its dramatic genesis. Approached in terms of Renaissance political speculation, *Hamlet* is conceived by John W. Draper as turning upon the theme of regicide and as having a protagonist in some respects comparable to Dr Stockmann of Ibsen's *An Enemy of the People*. Studied in relation to Renaissance psychological notions, *Hamlet* becomes, according to Lily Bess Campbell, the tragedy of a sanguine temperament in the throes of an unnatural melancholy perilously teetering over the abyss of madness. When certain concepts of Renaissance "Christian philosophy" and pneumatology are brought forward and clarified as a basis for Shakespearean study, as has been done by Dover Wilson, Willard Farnham, Robert H. West, and Kenneth Myrick among others, the motif of "a divinity that shapes our ends" or "a special providence in the fall of a sparrow" and the motif of "an honest ghost" versus "a damned ghost" can be regarded as bulking larger in a complete interpretation of *Hamlet* than an older criticism was in the fullest sense aware, although Bradley was so impressed by the role which providence plays in this one tragedy that he made it an exception to his dictum that the Shakespearean tragic world is distinguished by its secularity.

The contention of the present paper is that the issue of what happens in *Hamlet* involves all these classes of Renaissance ideas and can be brought nearer adequate resolution only by showing how they are integrated and complementary in the unfolding of the action rather than by playing up one at the expense of the other, a procedure which sometimes results, to borrow a metaphor from Ben Jonson, in pulling the "skein of silk" of "a good play" "into a knot or elf-lock; which nothing but the sheers, or a candle, will undo or separate."

Judging from Hamlet's two explicit references to the concept of divine providence, which, according to Richard Hooker, embraced "two abilities or powers" of God, "his power to create, and his power

to rule," and bearing in mind the centrality of this concept in Renaissance theology, we may make the initial postulate that both Shakespeare and his audience viewed Hamlet's tragedy as taking place in a world designed in all its "kinds of things," as Hooker puts it, and in all their ends by God's general providence and governed in "all particulars in each kind" by the "operations" of his "special or personal providence." One function of his special providence, according to Renaissance belief, was the visitation of his justice upon those who had fallen into evil, and in no case was the wrath of this justice more aroused than in that of regicide, the slaying of his vicegerent upon earth. Yet his special providence operated mainly, to quote Hooker again, through "ghostly or immaterial natures" moved by "their intuitive intellectual judgment" and "natural agents which work after a sort of their own accord" and which included secondary causes, such as time and circumstance, so ubiquitously discernible behind mundane phenomena, the multifarious diversity of empirical actuality. "He willeth by permission that which his creatures do," says Hooker, "He only assisting the natural powers which are given them to work withal, and not hindering or barring the effects which grow from them." Hence even the visitation of his justice for so great a crime as regicide was a subtle and inscrutable process sometimes very much delayed and complicated by the limitations of his "agents," but unthwartable and certain in the end. For any human being to be chosen the agent of God's wrath or justice in punishing an evil king with death, in "compounding" regicide with regicide, was to become the butt of a supreme cosmic paradox, to be caught up in the convolutions of a prescience and a foreordainment beyond mortal grasp, to achieve the unenviable anomalous distinction of being heaven's cursed instrument. As Beaumont and Fletcher express the idea in Lysippus' closing speech in *The Maid's Tragedy*:

> . . . on lustful kings
> Unlook'd-for sudden deaths from Heaven are sent;
> But cursed is he that is their instrument.

Both Shakespeare and his audience, as his own chronicle-history plays clearly show, interpreted the bloody pageant of English mediaeval history in terms of such beliefs. From John to Henry VIII, they saw God fulfilling his foreordained ends slowly through all the tumultuous and scabrous complications resulting from imperfections in his "natural agents" and the so frequent necessity of visiting his

justice upon evil kings and king-makers and disposing satisfactorily of cursed instruments who had committed new regicides or near-regicides for old.

In the first act of *Hamlet*, the retrospective action with which the audience is made acquainted by the expositions of Horatio and the ghost resembles English mediaeval history *in petto* as a chain of injustice, sin and crime. The elder Hamlet slew the elder Fortinbras and dispossessed his son according to the contractual terms of a feudal wager of battle. Despite his admirable qualities, the elder Hamlet had apparently committed certain "foul crimes" in his "days of nature" for which he had not received anelement when sudden death was visited upon him by the lustful Claudius, who as yet remains unpunished for his lust and fratricidal regicide save by the agenbite of inwit. And now Hamlet must serve as God's cursed instrument of justice:

> The time is out of joint: O cursed spite,
> That ever I was born to set it right!

Already, before the play opens, God has begun his "operations" through both "ghostly or immaterial natures" and "natural agents" to bring his foreordained ends to pass. From purgatorial fires, the elder Hamlet has come to seek out his son and instruct him in what he must do. In the north, young Fortinbras has "shark'd up" his "list of lawless resolutes" to recover the inheritance of which he was cheated by his father's "emulate pride" and the elder Hamlet's prowess; even now, his invasion of Denmark is expected. Claudius' cunning diplomacy, the course of time and circumstance, Fortinbras' own ambition will bring him to Elsinore ready to assume God's crown in Denmark at the very moment Hamlet pays the penalty which his doomed mission makes inevitable.

To begin the play with emphasis on the ghost's quest and Fortinbras' first ample stirrings on the stage of history and to end it with Fortinbras as the master of the corpse-strewn scene is to place the whole Hamlet tragedy within the framework of the mysterious, subtle over-workings and in-workings of God's providence as it accomplishes itself in the preservation of political order and in the righting of great wrongs done in the immediate past and of minor balances upset long ago. The signs of God's providence at work are made manifest to the audience in the first scene by its very atmosphere of awesome weird and by Horatio's explicit references to the "harbingers," the prelusive omens and portents, that "heaven and

earth" have "together demonstrated" "unto our climatures and countrymen" even as they did to Roman climatures and Romans "a little ere the mighty Julius fell. . . ."

Viewed in terms of this larger framework, *Hamlet* turns upon the conflict between the evil craft and iron poise of Claudius and God's providential justice working through the agency of Fortinbras zealous in the service of his honour's "egg-shell," the ghost impatient of "blunted purpose," and Hamlet with all the limitations and potentialities of his unusual human nature and his immediate unique human situation. But although this conflict may be said to underlie the whole play like some secret and noiseless but always potent fulcrum, the actual dramatic focus is, of course, upon Hamlet himself as he is harried from four sides—by the ghost and whatever supernatural power it may represent, whether heaven or hell or both; by the unnatural melancholy that has so weakened and overcast his once sanguine temperament; by his vexed concern, aswarm with obscene images, for his mother's and Ophelia's frailty; and by a world wherein Claudius suavely rules abetted by his hirelings and his puppets and invested with the rank sanctity of his criminal vicegerency. The dramatic issue of the play, in other words, is simply this: how will Hamlet conduct his mission as heaven's cursed instrument thus beleaguered and beset? Will he evade and bungle this mission, as a coward, a philosophic dilettante, a buffoon, a weakling, a madman, a mere "John-a-dreams" would do, and have to be prodded forward by God's devices; or will he grasp the mission in its full heavenly sense and perform it with superhuman fixity of purpose uncowed by codicils of doom and claims of self; or will he accomplish it in his own idiosyncratic way by shirking none of the issues which are important to him by reason of his special nature and situation but which are of secondary consequence in God's inscrutable foreplanning? His lament, at the close of Act I, against the "cursed spite" that has overtaken him eliminates the second possibility, and the issue is narrowed for the audience to the first and the third possibility. Shakespeare is careful to have them already guessing, at the close of Act I, as to which of these it shall be. Is not Hamlet so plunged in melancholy that he has donned "the trappings and the suits of woe" and pointed out that these are but a garbled earnest and faint adumbration of what he really feels? Has he not already shown himself at the verge of insanity in his broodings on his mother's sin? Has he not already fallen, in his

"wild and whirling words" and such askance jocularities as his "Ah, ha, boy!" and "art thou there, truepenny?", into the "antic disposition" which he promises to assume later and for which he gives no explanation? Does he not regret with vehemence that the ghost has entrusted him with any such mission? And yet it may be there is method in his bizarre behaviour, a rational basis for his precarious errancy. He may still prove to have lapsed only in seeming from his original and quintessential princehood.

For the rest of the play Shakespeare's problem as a craftsman was to keep the audience in some suspense as to this issue, and at the same time so manage things that in the outcome there could be no doubt that Hamlet was in every way a worthy protagonist from the highest human point of view. Many of the so-called "problems," the obscurities, ambiguities, and unresolved dissonances of *Hamlet*, as they have been summarized by G. F. Bradby with such pat clarity, exist only in the minds of critics and scholars who have not grasped this craftsman's problem as the heart of the play's mystery and seen that its deft solving is the reason for that perennial absorbing fascination that impels generation after generation of all sorts and conditions of the play's readers to continual indissuadable balked effort to make sense of it. Perhaps John Crowe Ransom came closer to the true status of the matter than he would now care to claim when he wrote: "This is a play *about* unsteadiness, and that is the way in which it can be both unsteady and beautiful at the same time. It is a sort of a playboy's play about a hero the noblest imaginable except that he was a sort of a playboy."

For Shakespeare anywhere in *Hamlet* to have assigned a definite motive for the "antic disposition" before it was put off would have considerably weakened the suspense he was trying to maintain. It was probably his intention, or at any rate his hope, as it had in all likelihood been Kyd's before him, that most of his audience for the better part of the play would be loath to dismiss wholly the sneaking notion that the hero's feigning madness was evidence of his tottering reason. Since popular Elizabethan theories about melancholy and madness were as vague and contradictory as popularized psychoanalysis and relativity are today, why shouldn't Shakespeare have been clever enough to make dramatic capital of the former fact as Pirandello and O'Neill have done with the latter? How Elizabethans must finally have interpreted the "antic disposition" to Hamlet's credit is suggested by a remark made by Amintor in

Beaumont and Fletcher's *The Maid's Tragedy* to the evil king whom he cannot slay:

> Yet, should I murder you,
> I might before the world take the excuse
> Of madness; for, compare my injuries,
> And they will well appear too sad a weight
> For reason to endure. . . .

One of Hamlet's problems, in other words, after he is informed of what he must do, is what will happen to him at the hands and in the minds of subjects who regard regicide as an arch crime and who have not heard the ghost's story. He may be said, then, to have assumed the "antic disposition," at the risk of the attention it might draw to him, for the same reason that he later takes Horatio fully into confidence and begs him to desist for a while from suicide. Considered mad, Hamlet cannot legally be put to death for the murder he must commit; Horatio can tell his story so that a wounded name will not live behind him after he has reaped the certain consequence of heaven's curse. The "antic disposition" does not, of course, stand him in stead on the occasion of Claudius' taking off, but his wisdom in assuming it is shown clearly enough to the audience when he unintentionally murders Polonius and when Claudius dares not dispose of him by legal means. In the outcome, Hamlet's assumption of the "antic disposition" must have been viewed by Elizabethans as a stroke of intuitive shrewdness, which was doubtless even the work of providence itself and by which he had been preserved, more surely even than he could foresee, to carry out the deed of justice which providence had foreordained.

Again, the suspense which Shakespeare was trying to maintain would have been considerably impaired if he had been too explicit as to whether Hamlet or God's providence was responsible for the delayed fulfilment of justice; or as to whether, if Hamlet were at fault, the delay was the consequence of his unnatural melancholy (as this was heightened by his awareness of his doomed mission to the point where he was driven to irrational doubt of the ghost's honesty); or finally as to whether Hamlet's delay for what should be considered the quite rational purpose of testing the ghost's honesty necessarily aggravated his melancholy by inaction and gave him more occasion for brooding on the plight of being a cursed instrument. In the outcome, such riddles would have been completely resolved in the minds of perceptive Elizabethans, and resolved

altogether to Hamlet's credit. Hamlet, they could see, had not been guilty of delay, despite the ghost's second admonitory intrusion from its purgatorial habitat. The delay had come about inevitably as a result of the ways of providence, which must work through "natural agents," through secondary causes, with all their limitations and the possibilities of *contretemps* therein. Already plunged into an unnatural melancholy before he received the ghost's revelation and still loving life through a kind of carry-over of his original sanguine disposition, Hamlet could be expected to "unpack" his "heart with words," to think "too precisely on the event," and to reproach himself vigorously for doing so. In view of his admiration for the sceptical Horatio, the controversial nature of ghostly apparitions, the penalties of regicide and the advantage which Satan might take of the unnaturally melancholic, it was eminently sensible, from what Elizabethans regarded as a human point of view, for Hamlet to put the ghost's honesty to the test before taking action against Claudius. Entirely sensible, too, from a human point of view as they conceived it, was Hamlet's sparing of Claudius at prayer in order that the villain might receive his full share of justice by going to his death when he was about an act which had "no relish of salvation in't." Hamlet could not know that Claudius was not yet really praying nor could ever pray.

In seeking to make his mother realize the moral issues involved in her own conduct, Hamlet, as Elizabethans would have seen him, was acting in accord with the highest human ethics. In doing so, he seemed, of course, in the beyond-human eyes of the obsessed ghost, to be disobeying the injunction not "to let his soul contrive against" his "mother aught," and to have lost the sense of his real mission. In the supra-human, transcendental eyes of providence, he seemed to be taking into his hands the business of salvation that did not belong to a cursed instrument. Hence providence must give him an earnest, a blood-sealed affidavit, of his function as scourge of an evil king and minister of regicide to a regicide, by bringing about the death of Polonius, and the ghost must come to whet the errant's "blunted purpose." That Hamlet did not really need the ghost's prodding, having prodded himself on every occasion, the audience well knew: hence his anticipatory question, if meant for expository emphasis, is at the same time very much "in character":

> Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
> That, lapsed in time and passion, lets go by
> The important acting of your dread command?

And that Hamlet was aware that the death of Polonius was an earnest of the intentions of providence is shown by his remark to his mother as he points to the body:

> For this same lord,
> I do repent: but heaven hath pleased it so,
> To punish me with this and this with me,
> That I must be their scourge and minister.

From this point on to the end of the play, Shakespeare's real intention as to how Hamlet should be interpreted must have been apparent to any perceptive Elizabethan. What delay now ensued came about from providence's causing Polonius' death, contriving to have Hamlet disposed of as cursed instrument by preparing the second instrument of Laertes and utilizing even Claudius' craft to do it, and, finally, arranging that the accomplishment of Hamlet's mission should not occur until Fortinbras had arrived at Elsinore ready to take over the kingship. Far from being unworthy of his doomed mission, of shrinking before the monstrous implications of his anomalous role, Hamlet is more than equal to it. Contemplating the phenomenon of Fortinbras—a coincidence truly providential—he achieves self-mastery over his unnatural melancholy and over the disturbing certainty of what lies ahead. He is sufficiently resourceful as a man of action to take advantage of every opportunity which providence puts in his way on the journey to England. Fully aware of the workings of providence in his own case, as his words to Horatio indicate, he has strengthened himself by the *de contemptu mundi* philosophy which he voices over the skulls with all the eloquent sportiveness of a Jonsonian or Restoration truewit embroidering the theme of *carpe diem*. He can even overcome the supreme unhinging shock of the knowledge that he has jested on life and death at the very grave of Ophelia. And in the final, all-important duel with Laertes, he is as dauntless as Childe Roland to the dark tower come.

In the light of Renaissance ideas properly brought together in interpretation as they are integrated in the play itself, *Hamlet*, then, may be described as the tragedy of a cursed instrument of heaven who seeks to confront manfully and with every musterable resource all the problems forced upon him by the nature of his mission and by the limitations of his own humanity. Since he shirks none of these problems and at the same time carries out his mission, his tragedy is a true victory in defeat or, in Maxwell Anderson's words,

"a man's conquest of himself in the face of annihilation." In so far as Hamlet has a tragic flaw, a "dram of eale," it is not procrastination or evasion, or an idealism that unfits him for action, or a pathological complexion that almost succeeds in "breaking down the pales and forts of reason." Rather, it is the admirable weakness of being "thorough" in a human sense, of performing his mission not strictly in accord with divine manipulation or provision, but in accord with all the imperatives of his princely, his "courtier's, soldier's, scholar's" selfhood, with its rare sense of truth and right and its rarer sense of humour.

Perhaps the anonymous Puritan author of *A Short Treatise Against Stage-Playes* (1625) was not so obtuse a critic as certain modern Shakespearean scholars have been. When he objected to tragedies on the ground that it was un-Christian to "sporte" with "the fearefull judgments of God," he at least grasped, however obliquely and recalcitrantly, the Renaissance conception of Melpomene's dark, tear-washed, multi-dimensioned looking-glass.

# CANADA'S TENTH PROVINCE?

A. Lacey

"WHY is Newfoundland not a province of Canada?" is a natural question for Canadians, especially, to ask. A glance at the map is enough in itself to suggest such a question. Here is this large island, lying across the St. Lawrence, at Canada's very front door. It looks as if Mother Nature had, in some fit of caprice, cut off, with a snip of some gigantic shears, this triangular piece of territory from the rest of the mainland, and set it a short distance off-shore. It is a part, and yet not a part, of the continent. One side is indeed turned toward Canada, but the other is turned towards the Motherland across the ocean. Standing at the threshold of the New World, Newfoundland still casts a lingering glance at the Old. The most populous and most influential part of the island—the Avalon peninsula—is the part furthest from Canada and nearest to England. As an old political ditty of the year 1869 puts it: "Her face is to Britain, her back to the Gulf." And this has, in fact, been the prevailing attitude of Newfoundland throughout her history up till the present day.

But another glance at the map will show us that a large part of the mainland itself belongs to Newfoundland. The island seems to have outgrown its insularity and have extended itself to the continent; a large slice of Labrador comes under the jurisdiction of Newfoundland, so that, in fact, continental Newfoundland is now much larger than insular Newfoundland. Willy-nilly, she has become a part of continental British North America. Why, then, does she, alone among original colonies of British North America, remain outside the union?

Important considerations seem to indicate the necessity of Newfoundland's joining the union—geographical position, racial origin, political and economic expediency, military necessity. It seems illogical that British North America, once a mere conglomeration of separate colonies, having gone such a great distance on the road to final federation, should stop short of the last step necessary to that consummation. The people of Newfoundland are of the same loyal British stock which founded New Brunswick, Upper Canada and British Columbia. The same struggle for responsible government took place in Newfoundland as in Canada, with the

same success—though responsible government has temporarily disappeared in the island, owing to circumstances growing out of the financial depression in the thirties. Yet the people have never ceased to hold firmly to the same democratic ideals and the same British traditions as those which obtain in Canada.

The military history of British North America shows the necessity of such a union. In the past, whatever power controlled Newfoundland also controlled Canada. As long as France maintained a hold upon Newfoundland, as she did from 1662 to 1713 (with a strong base at Placentia) she had little difficulty in holding Canada. Her loss of Placentia in 1713 was the first step towards her loss of Canada in 1763, while England's ever-tightening hold on Newfoundland was the guarantee of her ultimate possession of Canada. Newfoundland is, and must always remain, "the sentinel of the Gulf," and no scheme of protection is possible for Canada or, indeed, for North America, which does not take account of this fact. The present war has made this abundantly clear. For Canada's own security, Newfoundland should be an integral part of the Dominion.

Let us consider briefly the attempts that have been made to bring about this union. In 1864 Newfoundland sent delegates to the Quebec Conference, to discuss with those from the other colonies the question of union. The two delegates (Carter and Shea) were very enthusiastic, and pledged themselves completely to union. But at home opposition was strong, and continued to grow as time went on. When the question was at last, in 1869, put to a vote of the people, it was overwhelmingly defeated. Some of the arguments against union sound fantastic today: it was said, for example, that Newfoundland fishermen would be pressed into service to fight Canada's battles. This was just after the Fenian raid of 1866. Newfoundlanders were asked to vote against sending their sons "to leave their bones to whiten on the deserts of Canada." It was said that Newfoundlanders would be forced to buy coal from Canada instead of being allowed to cut their own firewood from their own forests, as God intended they should; it was said that the fisheries would be surrendered to the control of Canadian politicians; that taxes would ruin the fisherman,[1] etc., etc. No

[1]There was perhaps some point to the last. Fishermen feared protective tariffs which would prevent them from buying the excellent British fishing equipment.

arguments, however childish, were omitted that might play upon the credulity of an electorate which, under any circumstances, would naturally be inclined to look upon such a plan as "a big gamble." Even some of the best-informed thought it wisest to "wait and see." The terms, after all, were very vague. While some of these fears were simply ridiculous, others had some foundation in reality: the possibility, for example, that the interests of Newfoundland, as a fish-producing community, might clash with those of industrial and farming communities, was a consideration that could not be lightly set aside.

And back of all this, it seems that there still existed something of the age-long bitterness which had its roots in the French régime, when "Canadians" meant "Frenchmen," and when Canada was Newfoundland's chief enemy. Old feelings and traditions die hard, particularly in the case of an island population. Newfoundland feared that in this new association the French would have too great an influence.

Further, the government delayed too long in taking the verdict of the people; five years had passed since the Quebec Conference, and Confederation was two years old before Newfoundland was asked to declare itself; the early enthusiasms were already waning in many places, and the "anti-Confederates" in Newfoundland had had plenty of time to discover arguments against the plan. And so Confederation was "buried" with great rejoicing at St. John's—but the corpse has often been resurrected since. In fact, it seemed for a time, in 1895, that it would actually come to life again, but this time it was the Canadian government that was chiefly responsible for its reinterment.

In 1888, on the invitation of Sir Charles Tupper, the question was reopened, but the government of Newfoundland refused to consider the matter seriously. In times of comparative prosperity, isolation gathers strength.

But in 1895 another and more serious attempt was made. This time conditions in Newfoundland were very different from what they had been in 1869 and in 1888. Now Newfoundland was suffering a great financial depression: 1892 had been a calamitous year; it was the year of the "great fire" of St. John's and damage to the extent of $20,000,000 had been done, of which only $5,000,000 had been covered by insurance. The next year the fishery failed, and in 1894 came a worse disaster still—"the bank crash." The

two principal banks in the island failed suddenly, and practically all the paper money in the country became greatly reduced in value. The imperial government came to the assistance of the colony with a grant for immediate relief, but refused to guarantee interest on a loan which Newfoundland was attempting to raise. Meanwhile, interest on previous loans was falling due, and there was no money in the treasury. Confederation or bankruptcy seemed the only alternatives. Delegates were appointed and proceeded to Ottawa, where terms were discussed with the government of Sir Mackenzie Bowell. After about two weeks, however, negotiations were abandoned.

They were abandoned because Newfoundland considered it impossible to accept the terms offered by the Canadian government. Confederation under such terms (so the Newfoundland delegates declared) would have imposed upon the island a burden beyond its ability to bear. The principal question at issue was that of the public debt of the colony, which was reckoned at almost $16,000,000. Newfoundland hoped that the federal government would take care of this debt. Canada replied, however, that since the debt of Newfoundland was larger in proportion to the population than that of the rest of Canada, the federal government would be responsible only for that portion of it which corresponded to the debt assumed in the case of the other provinces. This, on the face of it, seemed fair enough, but it was far from what was required to save the colony from bankruptcy. Besides, most of the debt was due to loans contracted for railway construction then actually going on. Since, under Confederation, the federal government would naturally own the railway, it seemed to the Newfoundland delegation that the federal government ought to assume a larger portion of the burden.

Another difficulty arose over the customs duties. Newfoundland's revenue, then as now, was almost entirely derived from duties on imports. Under Confederation these duties would go to the federal government. But the new province would still have to provide money for all provincial services, such as education, roads, welfare, etc. Where would the money come from, once the customs duties were given up? The Dominion, indeed, promised a subsidy in lieu of these revenues, but it soon became clear that there was a serious drawback to this arrangement. Newfoundland collected, in the year 1895, about $1,600,000 in customs duties. Canada

agreed to credit the colony with only half this amount. Why? Because Newfoundland had bought half her imports from Canada, and under Confederation such goods would, of course, pay no duty. Therefore the federal government would be "out of pocket" by the amount of the duty originally paid on Canadian goods entering Newfoundland. In fact, the situation might be even worse, for, under Confederation, Canadian imports might increase, with a corresponding reduction in those from outside; this would mean still less revenue from the customs, and, consequently, less money for the Dominion treasury. From a purely business standpoint, this seemed a faulty arrangement. Apparently it never occurred to the statesmen of the Canadian delegation that there were other considerations of vastly greater importance.

Faced with the prospect of giving up nearly the whole of her sources of revenue, and still of being left with a large proportion of her public debt, Newfoundland felt that she had no alternative but to refuse. The federal delegates hinted that perhaps the imperial government might consent to take over the remaining portion of the public debt. This, however, the imperial government refused to do. Canada suggested that Newfoundland might "economize" in her local services, place some of the burden of local government on the shoulders of municipalities, raise additional funds by direct taxation—as if any of these expedients could make the burden easier for an impoverished population. Newfoundland decided once more to go her own way, whatever the difficulties might be. For a time it seemed certain that the difficulties would lead to catastrophe. Her Colonial Secretary, Sir Robert Bond, rushed from Montreal to New York, then to London, in a frantic attempt to raise a loan to meet immediate needs. In the face of disaster he finally succeeded in raising a loan in England. The colony was saved on the brink of ruin, a ruin which had been rendered imminent by a series of unlucky events for which nobody was to blame, and which apparently elicited no special sympathy or consideration on the part of Canadian statesmen of the day. This is the story of the last attempt to bring about union. Is it any wonder that Newfoundlanders are still dubious about Confederation?

In justification of the federal government, it may be said that it felt that to give Newfoundland any financial privilege above those given to the older provinces might provoke demands from

these provinces for the same consideration. The question of the special needs of Newfoundland, or of the special position of Newfoundland from the point of view of its strategic importance to the defence of Canada, did not appear of weight. Indeed, the latter point does not seem to have counted at all in the negotiations, which were conducted in the spirit of the strictest of "business" arrangements. It should be added that the breakdown of the negotiations was generally regretted throughout Canada, and that Sir Charles Tupper, who had offered much more favourable terms in 1888, afterwards strongly condemned the attitude of the federal delegates. Since 1895, no political leader in Newfoundland has felt willing to take his political life in his hands by reopening the question of Confederation with Canada.

In 1933, when financial conditions in Newfoundland (as indeed in the rest of the world) were once more desperate, a Royal Commission was appointed to investigate ways and means of avoiding complete bankruptcy. Union with Canada was discussed as a possible solution, but the Commission, on the evidence, concluded that "such a union is not practicable, and it would serve no useful purpose to consider the question at the present time."

The failure of the attempt of 1895 showed where the real difficulties lie. They are largely economic. The old prejudices are gone, the old arguments dead. The real fears are economic fears, and the situation has not been improved by the fact that the debt of Newfoundland has now risen to about $100,000,000 instead of a mere $16,000,000 as in 1895.

It is not simply a matter of how big a subsidy Canada might give Newfoundland in compensation for the loss of her main revenues. The biggest question, in the eyes of the Newfoundlander, especially the Newfoundland merchant, is the effect that Confederation might have on the trade of the country. The merchants fear that, if Canadian goods were to enter duty-free, their businesses would be ruined. They argue that Canadian firms are bigger and operate on a basis of mass-production, hence could easily undersell local stores and factories. Canadian farmers, with better productive conditions, could ruin the local farmers. Of course much of this fear is unwarranted since Newfoundland merchants would certainly possess many advantages over their Canadian rivals, for the purposes of local trade, while, on the other hand, the Canadian market would be open to enterprising Newfoundland manufacturers.

Another and perhaps equally serious difficulty lies in the comparatively small representation Newfoundland, as a province, would have in the Dominion Parliament. What guarantee can there be that the interests of Newfoundland would receive adequate consideration? And if it came to a clash between her interests and those of the Ontario farmer or manufacturer, which would carry more weight? Newfoundland at present has the right to buy and sell in the most advantageous markets. What guarantee is there that that right will be preserved, if it should happen to clash with the economic interests of a larger section of the Dominion's population? Indeed, Newfoundland had had, in 1892, an example of how Canada might treat the interests of Newfoundland when they appeared to come into conflict with those of the Dominion as a whole. An attempt to negotiate a treaty of reciprocity with the United States was frowned upon by the imperial government at the instance of Canada, because it was considered to be detrimental to the interests of Canadian fishermen. No wonder Newfoundland has hesitated before committing her very life (economically speaking) to a government as far away as Ottawa, and one which might easily prove unsympathetic to her special problems. Few Canadians, with all the goodwill in the world, can have intimate knowledge of those problems. How could an Ontario farmer, much less a Westerner, be expected to understand the problems facing the fisherman of the Grand Banks or of Labrador? There is much misunderstanding already in the vast Dominion, as between East and West, between race and race. Why add to the confusion by introducing new problems and fresh antagonisms? So argue those who lack the courage or the statesmanship to attack and overcome such obstacles (many of them imaginary) to so great and worthy a scheme as the completion of British North American unity. Newfoundland has therefore gone on her own way, evolving, like Canada, from the status of a colony to that of a full-fledged Dominion in the British Commonwealth—an evolution for which the famous Durham Report of 1839 provided the chief stimulus, as in the case of Canada herself.

But since 1933, following the adoption by the Newfoundland legislature of the report issued by the Royal Commission headed by Lord Amulree, Dominion status for Newfoundland has been held in abeyance, and, in place of responsible government, there has been substituted government by a commission of six, responsible

only to the imperial government at Westminster. This situation alters tremendously the future prospects of Newfoundland, and has an important bearing upon the question of union with Canada. Will it be possible, or advisable, for the island to revert to its original Dominion status, once the emergency conditions have ceased to prevail? If not, what sort of system shall replace it?

Moreover, as a result of the present war, other factors have entered into the situation. Both Canadian and American troops are stationed in Newfoundland, and American naval and air bases are being prepared there for the defence of the Western Hemisphere. New problems have thus arisen; new conditions demand new treatment. As never before, Newfoundland feels herself a part of the continent, playing an essential role in its defence, in its very life. The old isolationism is fading out. What will the future bring? In particular, what will be the relations of the island towards Canada and the United States?

The presence of American troops in Newfoundland is the symbol of an entirely new spirit in Anglo-American affairs, indeed, in international affairs. Not so long ago, their presence there would have been impossible, or would have signified only one thing—war. Under ordinary conditions, Canada could never contemplate with equanimity the possession of any part of Newfoundland by a foreign power. The keys of the St. Lawrence must never be in the hands of a possible enemy. But today foreign troops actually are in Newfoundland, and with Canada's consent. An American base is being prepared not far from the actual site of the old French base at Placentia. This can mean only one thing: henceforth Canada and Britain can never contemplate even the possibility of war with the United States of America. From now on, it must be more than ever true that "war between our two countries is unthinkable." This is one of the most hopeful signs which have occurred in international relations since the founding of the League of Nations. It holds tremendous possibilities, not only for the defence of the Western World, but for the future of mankind. The principle of international collaboration for purposes of mutual defence has taken a very great step forward.

There are some people who pretend to imagine that the presence of American troops in Newfoundland merely means that some day the United States will absorb the island, and even that the inhabitants would welcome such a change. Lately, a journalist of

more than average imagination declared that eighty per cent of Newfoundlanders would vote for this. One fancies that, if this reporter arrived at his opinions by talking with Newfoundlanders in the island, considerable "leg-pulling" must have taken place. In spite of all they have endured in the past, in spite even of Commission Government, Newfoundlanders are intensely loyal to the Mother Country, as the figures of enlistment plainly show. There is little danger of any widespread desire in Newfoundland for union with the United States.

But Newfoundland has become the junction point, the meeting-point of Canadian and American military power, united for their common defence. For the first time the importance of the strategic position of the island as regards the defence of the continent is being recognized. What effect will that recognition have upon Newfoundland's political and economic relations with the continent? Never again can Canada afford to regard Newfoundland as of no importance to her own safety and her welfare. If isolationism is dying in Newfoundland, so also must the attitude of indifference towards Newfoundland die in Canada. Hence the present condition of Newfoundland must be a matter of moment to Canadians. The present political arrangement in the island is only temporary. The question is: what shall take its place? or rather, what *should* take its place, when all factors have been duly considered?

Can Newfoundland revert, when improved conditions seem to warrant, to complete Dominion status? Will there be a return to the old régime? The truth is that Dominion status for a population of a mere quarter of a million, with little hope, because of economic conditions, of any large increase, would seem quixotic. Newfoundland statesmen have in the past often spoken of "the trappings of an elephant on the back of a cat." This is exactly what Dominion status appears to be for Newfoundland. The granting of Dominion status to Newfoundland seems to have been largely due to post-war sentimentality. It was the reward for the gallant services of Newfoundland troops and sailors in the Great War. But the very term "Dominion status" must have a somewhat hollow sound in the ears of Newfoundlanders today. Why not be more realistic and less sentimental? What Newfoundland needs is something less high-sounding and more in harmony with her true position and her true rank among British possessions, as well as with her position in respect of the rest of North America. The

most logical solution of Newfoundland's problem would seem to be found in a return to the recommendations of Lord Durham—responsible government in local affairs, as a province united with Canada.

Newfoundland's relations with Canada are in many ways closer today than ever before. Economically and culturally, as well as militarily, the two countries are very close indeed. Improved transportation methods, increased travel and consequent greater knowledge of each other, have tended to break down the barriers between them. Young men and women from the schools of Newfoundland turn naturally to Canadian colleges for the completion of their education. The United Church in Newfoundland is part of the United Church of Canada. Canadian banks do all the banking in Newfoundland. Canadian insurance companies do most of the insurance business there. Canadian mining companies handle much of the ores. Trade with Canada is steadily on the increase. The population is shifting more towards the West and South, nearer to Canada. The East Coast and the Avalon peninsula, which look towards the Old World rather than the New, are losing much of their influence. To a Newfoundlander of the South or West, Canada (i.e., Nova Scotia) is almost as near as St. John's. The Canadian is no longer regarded as a foreigner.

Newfoundland has had enough of the political defeatism which is the dominant note of the Amulree Report, and which is inherent in the present system of Commission Government. But on the other hand, Dominion status has, for her, proved to be a delusion and a snare. Within the space of fifteen years Newfoundland has been elevated to the rank of a self-governing Dominion, equal in status with Canada, which has a population forty times as great, then degraded to a status below that of a colony like Jamaica, or Malta. The watchword for Newfoundland today should be "back to Durham." Says Durham: "the British people of the North American continent are a people on whom we may safely rely, and to whom we must not grudge power." Surely these words may apply to the British in Newfoundland as well as elsewhere. There should indeed be a return to local self-government as soon as possible after the war, but there should be no further question of Dominion status for a population of only about a quarter of a million. Proper representation at Ottawa would ensure that Newfoundland would have a voice in affairs of imperial and world

import commensurate with the size of her population. More than that it would be unfair to expect or to demand. Full Dominion status, after the political degradation of the last few years, would be but a mockery.

The economic and financial obstacles to union should not prove insuperable. The small matter of five million dollars prevented union in 1895. There should be no such haggling this time. With fairness and understanding on both sides an equitable arrangement could be worked out, either within or without the framework of the British North America Act. Canada, on her side, should recognize the importance of Newfoundland's strategic position in relation to continental defence, and should be willing to accord generous terms in order to secure the final rounding-out of British North American unity; Newfoundland should be willing to drop its traditional isolationism for the sake of the dignity and self-respect which she would recover as a province of the greater Dominion. Britain herself might perhaps consider it worth while to lend a helping hand to secure a result so highly desirable. She has already assumed the obligation of guaranteeing the interest on the public debt of the island. If, after the war, conditions in Newfoundland are not much more prosperous than they were immediately before, Britain may have to continue indefinitely to bear this burden. Would it not be possible, if such a course would facilitate the creation of a Greater Canada and a satisfied Newfoundland, for the Mother Country to assume permanent responsibility for the debt—a debt, by the way, which is largely held by British investors? It would seem only fair, also, that some consideration should be given to the fact that Newfoundland has willingly renounced, and that without recompense, certain portions of her territory for the defence of the Empire and of the Western Hemisphere at a critical moment in the Empire's history.

Some settlement there must be, and some restoration of political democracy must take place in Newfoundland, when the present fight for human liberties has been won. To many, both Canadians and Newfoundlanders, it seems that the only logical solution is to be found in union.

# "OUR LADY OF BELLOSGUARDO": A PASTEL PORTRAIT

William O. Raymond

IN an article printed in the *Atlantic Monthly*, December 1864, Kate Field writes: "Florence without the Trollopes and our Lady of Bellosguardo would be like bread without salt. A blessing, then, upon houses which have been spiritual asylums to many forlorn Americans! a blessing upon their inmates, whose hearts are as large and whose hands are as open as their minds are broad and catholic!" Miss Field's reference to "our Lady of Bellosguardo" conjures up the memory of a charming and vivacious little woman, whose kindly nature so radiated friendship that she became the centre of the social life of the English and American colony in Florence during mid-Victorian times. It was probably in 1849 that Jane Isabella Blagden, familiarly called Isa by her numerous friends, came to Florence and established her home at Villa Brichieri on the height of Bellosguardo. From that time until her death in 1873, without possessing such assets as rank, fortune or genius, but through the magnetism of her personal qualities, she was the focus of a distinguished Anglo-Florentine group amongst whom are men and women of renown in the annals of nineteenth-century literature.

Isabella Blagden is a remarkable example of a woman whose shadowy yet secure immortality in the remembrance of posterity has been attained indirectly. During her life she strove to win recognition as an authoress. She has written six novels, five of which may now be found in the British Museum. They are conventional and mediocre, Victorian in essence. Henry James dismisses her contribution to the old Tauchnitz volumes as "the inevitable nice novel or two of the wandering English spinster." Miss Blagden's essays, published in English magazines such as the *Cornhill* and *The Athenaeum*, deserve more attention. They reveal her intimate knowledge of Italy; and are kindled by a romantic response to the variegated panorama of Florence and Venice, so full of colour and movement, flowing beneath her eyes. But Isabella Blagden's best work in literature lies in the sphere of poetry. Her poems, collected and edited by Alfred Austin, are thirty-three in number, filling sixty-four pages of a slim volume. The poems vary in merit, but some of them, especially the sonnet series en-

titled "The Seven Chords of the Lyre," achieve distinction. Austin has noted as a characteristic of Isa Blagden that "she appeared incapable of thought apart from feeling." Charm of sentiment springing from a generous, impulsive nature, conjoined with an ardent but genuine romantic idealism, give flavour and poignancy to these lyrics. They are not works of genius, but have human and imaginative value.

Yet Miss Blagden's literary reputation, fragile enough in her own day, was too evanescent to withstand the touch of time. We recapture her, not as an authoress but as a personality, in her proper setting as the focus of a gifted social *milieu*. In order therefore to appreciate her significance a brief survey of this *milieu* is necessary.

Van Wyck Brooks has spoken of "the Romantic exiles" who left America to live at Rome or Florence in the middle years of the nineteenth century. The designation is equally applicable to the English sojourners in these cities during this period. Lured by the historical and artistic traditions and by the semi-tropical clime of Italy, the land of the orange and myrtle, these Romantic exiles became the nucleus of a fascinating cross-section of mid-Victorian society transplanted overseas. The Anglo-American colony of permanent residents of Rome and Florence was not numerous, but it was of unusual quality. With it may be linked a constant flow of notable English and American travellers who visited Rome and Florence in the period extending from 1850 to 1870.

The coterie settled in Italy had its literary and artistic core. Poetry was represented by Landor, the Brownings, Frederick Tennyson, Robert Lytton and, later, Alfred Austin. The sculptors were in the main Americans,—Hiram Powers, Thomas Crawford, William Wetmore Story and Harriet Hosmer. Another American living in Florence, James Jackson Jarves, was the author of various books dealing with painting and sculpture. Thomas Adolphus Trollope, a familiar figure in Florence for many years, was an historian of merit, while his mother, Frances Trollope, and Isa Blagden were minor Victorian novelists. In touch with the artists, through their literary sympathies and as writers of journalistic essays, were two American women of vivid personality. Margaret Fuller, the meteoric and eccentric New England transcendentalist, had her home in Italy as the Marchesa d'Ossoli between 1846 and 1850. She was succeeded by Kate Field, a reincarnation of Margaret in vitality and idealism, though not in abnormality. Among

the outstanding characters of the Florentine circle was George Seymour Kirkup, an English artist, whose dabblings in spiritualism foreshadowed the advent of the prince of mediums, Daniel Home. Home's impostures, despite the stout scepticism of Robert Browning, were responsible for a veritable cult of spiritualism in the midst of the Anglo-American community.

When we turn to the travellers, who as they came and went gravitated about the nucleus of their compatriots in Florence and Rome, the ramifications are wide. Thackeray, Anthony Trollope, Dickens, George Eliot, Mrs Jameson, Emerson, Hawthorne, Lowell, Longfellow, Henry James, Mrs Stowe—names of import in the literary history of England and America—pass across the canvas. Well-known painters such as Sir Frederick Leighton, the talented American actress Charlotte Cushman, the Irish authoress and philanthropist Frances Cobbe, Charles Eliot Norton, on his road of transition from the counting office to a professorship at Harvard, and other men and women in various walks of life, became for the time being members of the Florentine group or the kindred company at Rome.

It seems at first a paradox that Isabella Blagden should have been the centre of a circle including within it so many people of eminence. Isa was in no sense a *grande dame*. Her literary talents, as has been stated, were mediocre. Her talk was animated and merry, but she never exhibited those intellectual qualities of sparkling wit and incisive reflection which enabled the brilliant Countess of Blessington to dominate her Italian salon. Engirt by the clever and gifted coterie of which she was the connecting link, she invariably occupies the background rather than the foreground of the picture. She was unfailingly modest in the estimation of her own abilities, and Henry James was struck by the self-abnegation of her nature.

The distinction of Miss Blagden lies in her attributes of heart rather than of head, in her temperament rather than in her intellect. Isa was genuinely unspoiled and unselfish. It has been well said of her that "she must have had the rare gift of drawing out the best from other persons, of forgetting herself, of turning all thoughts away from her, back to her friends." Browning called her "perfect in friendship," and Adolphus Trollope wrote: "She was more universally beloved than any other individual among us." The unobtrusive radiation of the character of Isa Blagden, com-

bining as she did a love of human nature with a sweet-tempered disposition and a generous, loyal spirit, was the magnet which drew together men and women whose intellect and genius were more scintillating than her own.

It is symbolic of the shadowy, elusive, yet pervasive individuality of Isabella Blagden that she should appear upon the Florentine scene with her origins shrouded in mystery. She was evidently an Eurasian. Rumour has toyed with the fancy that she was the daughter of an Indian Rajah, but in all probability her father was an Englishman and her mother an East-Indian. Miss Whiting thought that she was the daughter of an English gentleman and a Hindu princess. However, this statement regarding the rank of her parents seems a mere conjecture. Beyond the fact that she was an Eurasian nothing definite is known of her ancestry.

Miss Blagden must have met the Brownings shortly after her arrival at Florence in 1849. During the winter of 1849-50 she saw them frequently and acquaintance speedily ripened into friendship. Browning describes Isa as "a bright, delicate, electric woman." Mrs Browning's first recorded letter to her was written in Siena, September, 1850. Soon she became Elizabeth's most intimate friend. In addition to their constant companionship at Florence, they were frequently together in the summer excursions of the Brownings to the Bagni di Lucca and Siena.

During the autumn of 1852, Robert Lytton came to Florence. When he arrived he presented himself at *Casa Guidi* with a letter of introduction from John Forster. He was cordially received by the Brownings and through them met Isa Blagden. The ties between Robert Lytton and Isabella Blagden were destined to become very close. There was, it seems clear, for some time a romantic attachment between them. In her *Letters of Robert, First Earl of Lytton*, Lady Betty Balfour writes, somewhat cryptically, of her father's residence in Italy: "Romeo-like he arrived at Florence sighing for Rosaline, and almost immediately met his Juliet. Barriers more impassable than the feuds of Montagues and Capulets prevented any happy issue to this new attachment, but it profoundly affected many years of his life, and coloured all his early writings." Evidence from various quarters makes it practically certain that this can only allude to Miss Blagden. Indirect but unmistakable passages in the letters of the Brownings indicate their hopes that Robert Lytton might ultimately marry Isa. The

frustration of these hopes was undoubtedly one factor in the subsequent cooling off of the friendship between Robert Browning and Lytton. Further evidence may be found through reading beneath the lines of Lytton's own letters, and in statements made by other people.

This romantic attachment must have been deepened by an episode which took place in 1857. During the summer of that year, while the Brownings, Robert Lytton and Isa Blagden were at the Bagni di Lucca, the young Englishman was seriously ill for sixteen days with an attack of gastric fever. Throughout this period Miss Blagden was his constant nurse. "Nothing," Mrs Browning writes, "can exceed her devotion to him by night or day."

But the "barriers," referred to by Lady Balfour, to any closer alliance than that of friendship between her father and Isabella Blagden were real. Lytton at that time had doubtless no prevision of his future career as Viceroy of India; but had he married an Eurasian, the position would have been forever beyond his reach. Moreover, he was fifteen years younger than Miss Blagden. His attachment, such as it was, must be regarded as the impulsive sentiment of a young man—and Lytton was chock full of romance—for a charming and lovable woman whose social setting and environment blended inextricably in his thoughts with the spell of enchantment that Italy had laid upon him. Though the Brownings were disappointed and inclined to censure Robert Lytton because he did not marry Isa, it is difficult to see how any blame can be attached to him. As for Isabella, whatever her secret hopes may have been, it is clear that she never wore her heart on her sleeve or for one moment o'er-stepped the bounds of modesty and decorum. Her feelings were probably more deeply engaged than those of Lytton, but she gave no outward sign of it. Her devotion to him as a nurse was not exceptional. In the last illnesses of Elizabeth Browning and Theodosia Trollope she was equally self-sacrificing in her loving care, as their husbands have gratefully testified.

It is with some hesitation that one trespasses upon the ground of an intimate personal relationship. Yet in addition to the romantic connection between Robert Lytton and Isabella Blagden being honourable on both sides, it seems to me to have definite importance for the literary historian. Lady Balfour states that this attachment coloured all of her father's early writings; but, so far as I am aware, no one has pointed out the influence it had on

the most famous of Robert Lytton's poems, *Lucile*, which he published under his pen name of Owen Meredith.

A portion of the narrative material of *Lucile* was taken from George Sand's *nouvelle*, *Lavinia*. The borrowed material, however, is confined to the opening cantos of the poem, and its author asserts: "Every character in *Lucile* is fundamentally different from any character in *Lavinia*." One striking alteration in the borrowed material has a bearing on my argument. George Sand's Lavinia is represented as the daughter of a Portuguese banker. Lytton's Lucile is depicted as an Eurasian, her mother being a wealthy East-Indian of Mysore. In view of the fact that Isa Blagden was an Eurasian, the significance of the change is unmistakable. Lytton follows George Sand in describing his heroine as a mature woman no longer youthful. When Lord Alfred sees Lucile we are told:

> The woman that now met, unshrinking his gaze,
> Seem'd to bask in the silent but sumptuous haze
> Of that soft second summer, more ripe than the first,
> Which returns when the bud to the blossom hath burst
> In despite of the stormiest April . . . .

Although the maturity of Lucile is in accord with that of Lavinia, Lytton might also have in mind the correspondence of her age with Isa Blagden's. The physical characteristics of Lucile, who is portrayed as slight in stature, a brunette, with dusky hair, dark eyes, and cheeks of "pure olive hue," are in harmony with those of Isabella Blagden. The minute analysis of Lucile's character, a completely original part of Lytton's poem, has many touches applicable to Isa, and the account of the heroine's villa at Serchon recalls Villa Bricchieri. In the latter part of Owen Meredith's romantic tale, to which there is no analogy in *Lavinia*, Lucile, as the Sœur Seraphine, nurses the wounded son of Lord Alfred, and is untiring in her watch by his couch. The first edition of *Lucile* was printed in 1860. Who can doubt that in this episode Lytton has in mind the gentle, faithful woman who had nursed him during his serious illness of 1857 at the Bagni di Lucca. Lucile and Lord Alfred are sundered by the inevitable force of circumstances. This likewise was the fate of Lavinia and Sir Lionel. Yet Robert Lytton must also have been conscious of the obstacles which prevented any closer alliance than that of friendship between himself and Isabella Blagden. It would be pressing the correspondence too far to imply that Lucile is meant to be a literal portraiture of her.

But that Lytton's delineation of his heroine is coloured by his relationship with Isa seems self-evident. *Lucile* is in part a romantic echo of a romantic attachment.

Reference has been made to Miss Blagden's home in Florence, the Villa Bricchieri on the height of Bellosguardo. This beautiful and picturesque villa has been imaginatively described by Elizabeth Browning in the seventh book of *Aurora Lee*. It enshrines, above all other spots, the social memories of the Anglo-American colony in Florence during the middle years of the nineteenth century. One can only pick and choose a few reminiscences of the company who were wont to assemble there. Since I have dwelt on the intimacy of Robert Lytton's connection with Isa Blagden, it is appropriate to begin with an extract from a letter of Mrs Anna Jameson written at Florence, on July 25, 1857:

> Last night after sunset I went up to the villa on Bellosguardo belonging to an English lady (Miss Blagden). The Brownings, Mr. Bulwer Lytton (a son of Sir Edward) and myself formed the party. We sat on a Balcony, with the starry night above our heads and Florence spread in the valley at our feet. Mr. Lytton read us with a charming voice and expression some of his own poems of great beauty and originality. The scene was very striking on the whole and in itself poetical.

In the spring of 1859, a clever and attractive young American woman, twenty years of age, arrived at Florence, who was at once taken to the hearts of the Anglo-American circle there. Kate Field, coming to Italy to study music and the languages, was placed in the care of Isabella Blagden. Her personality has been well summed up by Miss Whiting: "Kate Field was a woman who impressed the imagination. She abounded in spiritual vitality. Delicate in physique, artistic in temperament, exquisite in taste, lofty in all poetic and heroic feeling, she had that intense and finely strung nature that leaves in some form or other its haunting impress." Landor, the Brownings and Isa Blagden were captivated by this brilliant American girl, and for five or six years she is a central figure in the Florentine group. Her series of articles, published in the *Atlantic Monthly* between 1861 and 1868, on "English Authors in Florence," and on individual poets such as Walter Savage Landor and Mrs Browning, contain intimate glimpses of her gifted friends and their environment. I have already cited her glowing tribute to Isabella Blagden. She writes frequently of Villa Bricchieri, its hostess and guests, as in the follow-

ing passage: "The inmate of this villa was a little lady with blue-black and sparkling jet eyes, a writer whose dawn is one of promise, a chosen friend of the noblest and best; and on her terrace the Brownings, Walter Savage Landor, and many choice spirits have sipped tea, while their eyes drank such a vision of beauty as Nature and Art have never equalled elsewhere." It was on a summer evening of July 1860 at Bellosguardo, when Kate Field, her mother, Landor and the Brownings were being entertained by Miss Blagden, that the pretty young American girl "earned her poem" from the venerable Nestor of Victorian literature by greeting him with a kiss. As Landor wrote in mock-heroic vein:

> She came across nor greatly feared
> The horrid brake of wintry beard.

The lines recall, by way of contrast, Mrs Browning's more appreciative tribute to Landor's facial adornment: "He has the most beautiful sea-foam of a beard you ever saw, all in a curl and white bubblement of beauty."

Around 1860, Villa Bricchieri was the scene of many gay and happy social gatherings. The dark pillar of Mrs Browning's death in 1861 had not yet cast its shadow over the brilliant circle who foregathered there. Nathaniel Hawthorne spent the summer of 1859 in Florence, and occupied Villa Mont-Auto on Bellosguardo in the immediate vicinity of Villa Bricchieri. As Kate Field has noted, it is Bellosguardo "which he transformed by the magic of his pen into the Monte Beni of *The Marble Faun*." He was frequently a guest of Miss Blagden, and it was at one of her afternoon receptions that he met Browning and Augustus Trollope.

In the spring of 1860, Miss Frances Power Cobbe, the Irish author and philanthropist, came to Florence and shared for a time Isabella Blagden's home. To Miss Cobbe's pen we are indebted for a graphic and intimate picture of Villa Bricchieri and her companionship with Isa. These were providential times when a comfortable life in Italy was compatible with a slender purse. Miss Cobbe writes:

> We were both of us poor, but in those days poverty in Florence permitted us to rent 14 well-furnished rooms in a charming villa, and to keep a maid and a man-servant. The latter bought our meals every morning in Florence, cooked and served them; being always clean and respectably dressed. He swept our floors and he opened our doors and announced our company and served our ices and tea with uniform quietness and success. A treasure, indeed, was good old Ansano! Also we were able to engage an open carriage with a pair of horses to

do our shopping and pay our visits in Florence as often as we needed. And what does the reader think it cost us to live like this, fire and candles and food for four included? In those halycon days under the old *regime*, it was precisely £20 a month! We divided everything exactly and it never exceeded £10 a-piece.

Miss Cobbe's reminiscences include frequent references to Browning as a visitor at Bellosguardo. She speaks of his light and playful conversation; of the ripple of laughter round the sofa where he used to seat himself; of his eagerness and intensity; of his affectionate wrangling with Isa. On one occasion she recalls that when she was at the Villa Niccolini, half a mile away from the Villa Bricchieri, "some singular condition of sonority" in the night air carried the voices of Browning and Isabella Blagden between the walls of the two villas. They were engaged in an animated controversy regarding spirit-rapping,—Robert Browning denouncing spiritualism, while Isa, who shared his wife's views on this subject, defended it.

With the possible exception of a brilliant Roman season in the winter of 1853-4, the year 1860 may be singled out as representing the apogee of Anglo-American life in Italy during mid-Victorian times. In addition to Miss Cobbe, Harriet Hosmer, the talented American sculptress, was a guest of Miss Blagden at Bellosguardo in the spring of this year. William Wetmore Story, another distinguished American sculptor, and his family, saw much of the Brownings and Isabella Blagden at Siena during the summer. George Eliot was with G. H. Lewes in Florence; the English novelist being engaged in making studies for *Romola*. They were the guests of Thomas Adolphus Trollope. Theodore Parker, the noted Unitarian divine, was also at Florence. In October 1860, Anthony Trollope came to Florence, where he was captivated by the beauty and intelligence of Kate Field. The failing health of Mrs Browning was the only cloud on the horizon of this memorable year.

The death of Elizabeth Browning, in June, 1861, was the first and the greatest tragic break in Isa Blagden's circle of friends. Mrs Browning's letters between 1849 and 1861 reveal the warmth of attachment between the two women: "Dearest Isa, I miss you and love you. How perfect you are to me always. . . . You are an angel, dearest Isa, with the tact of a woman of the world." Immediately after Elizabeth's death, Isabella took Browning's young son to Bellosguardo, and induced the poet to spend the nights at her home. Browning never forgot her unflagging and loving friendship in these days of grief and suffering. "Isa Blagden,

perfect in all kindness to me," he wrote to Miss Haworth in a letter dated July 20, 1861. When in the month of August the poet and Penini left Florence, she went with them as far as Paris. Writing to a friend at this time, Browning says: "I did leave Florence at last, accompanied by Miss Blagden, who has devoted herself to me, and Pen, disregarding health, inconvenience, and all other considerations." Nine years later, in a letter to Isabella, the poet recalled the comfort she had given him the night after his wife's death: "It was this day that I went to your house in the evening: how utterly good and kind you were, and always have been, before and since. . . ."

As Browning left Florence for ever in 1861, his personal intercourse with Isa in Italy came to an end; but 1861 marks the beginning of an extensive correspondence between them. Their letters were monthly, Miss Blagden writing on the twelfth and the poet replying on the nineteenth. They cover a period of twelve years from 1861 to 1872. Isabella's claim to immortality lies in the recollections of her friends, and it seems in keeping with this fact that none of her numerous letters to Browning have survived. They were destroyed by the poet in accordance with a mutual agreement, but Isa kept the poet's letters, though she may have intended to burn them before her death.

With the single exception of the love letters written to Elizabeth Barrett, the letters of Browning to Isabella Blagden are his most important correspondence. Mrs Orr, the poet's first biographer, cites extracts from these letters. The bulk of them were published by Professor Armstrong in 1923, and the remainder in the Thomas Wise collection of Browning letters edited by Professor Hood in 1933. They have proved a valuable mine of information for students of the poet. They are quite unlike the letters written to Miss Barrett. The reader will not find in them any intimate self-revelation. Nor, though they contain data regarding the composition of certain of Browning's works, do they deal with the intrinsic content of his poems. There are no analytic discussions of *The Ring and the Book* such as mark the poet's correspondence with that literary bluestocking, Julia Wedgwood. Browning's letters to Isa are chatty and familiar in tone. They dwell on his manifold interests and activities in the world of affairs as well as his periods of relaxation. The poet's London life, his holidays in Brittany or the south of France, his friends in England and Italy,

family news,—these are the customary themes of the Isabella Blagden letters. Old memories blend with fresh associations. Interspersed are shrewd and penetrating comments on men and women of historical and literary importance. Amongst these are references to Napoleon III, Cardinal Manning, Benjamin Jowett, Byron, Carlyle, Matthew Arnold, Renan, and other people of note. The correspondence is pervaded by an endearing vein of affection. It is a tribute to one of the oldest and deepest of Browning's friendships, hallowed by his consciousness of Isa Blagden's intimate relationship with his wife.

Though the death of Mrs Browning and her husband's departure from Italy were irreparable breaks in the Florentine circle, Miss Blagden's life was still enriched by manifold social contacts. Her friendship with Thomas Adolphus Trollope and his wife was particularly close. In his book of memoirs, *What I Remember*, Trollope describes Isa as "a very bright, very warm-hearted, very clever little woman, who knew everybody and was, I think, more universally beloved than any other individual among us." At the time of his wife's last illness and death in 1865, Isabella was as great a comfort to him as she had previously been to Browning. In a letter of October 27, 1865, addressed to Kate Field, Miss Blagden writes:

> Your last came when I was getting very anxious about poor Mrs. Trollope, which anxiety was justified by the event. Not many weeks afterwards I went to stay with her and never left her until her death. She died in my arms, I might say, though not actually, but mine was the last voice she heard and the last hand she pressed in this world. When I saw that she was passing away I gave up my place to Mr. Trollope. I stood a little behind him. I sat up with him that night and took Beatrice home with me the next morning and she remained with me till Anthony Trollope fetched her himself.

One of the most interesting of Isabella Blagden's later associations is her connection with Alfred Austin. It is surely a mark of the catholicity as well as the perfection of her friendship, that she should have an affectionate regard for the poet whom Browning savagely assailed in *Pacchiarotto*. The two men were at daggers drawn, and yet both were embraced in the mantle of Miss Blagden's generous and loving spirit. Her qualities of heart endowed her with that rare magnetism of sympathetic friendliness which attracted men and women of the most diverse tastes and temperaments. After Isabella's death, Alfred Austin edited her poems;

and in his introductory memoir recalls with gratitude the aid she gave him in establishing himself in Florence.

> I well remember how busy she was in the spring of 1865, yet with what alacrity she assisted me, weary after seven months even of the streets of Florence, to bivouac in an unfurnished villa outside the Porta Romana, and not far from the Villa Giglione she herself then tenanted; lending me or finding me linen, plate and crockery, and pressing into service the handsome barefooted daughters of the Podere that adjoined it, one of whom used to compute the length of time one's eggs for breakfast should be left in boiling water, by counting two hundred beats of her pulse.

In the *Life, Letters, and Memories* of Charlotte Cushman, various references are made to Miss Blagden. The American actress always stayed with her for a while when she visited Florence, and the two women became fast friends. Miss Cushman, herself a dog-lover, alludes to Isa's fondness for animals. Her dogs and cats were generally waifs and strays. An ugly poodle, "without form, and void of grace and comeliness," had been rescued from some boys who were drowning it in Venice. It was appropriately christened Venezia. Another dog whom she had saved received the name of a low comedian, "from his unaristocratic and comic appearance." The list of these four-footed adoptions would be a long one. In common with the Brownings, Miss Blagden was vehemently opposed to vivisection; and she once took an active part in drawing up a resolution of protest against this surgical practice. Her affection for animals deserves passing notice as in accord with the tenderness of her nature.

Towards the close of December 1872 Browning wrote, in what was destined to be his last letter to Isabella Blagden: "Well, dearest, here is another year's end, the eleventh: the years that come and go, the Races drop in the grave, but never the love does so!" Miss Blagden died in the following month, on January 20, 1873. There is an element of pathos in her death, as movingly described by Adolphus Trollope. She was living alone at the time preceding her death except for the attendance of a couple of old servants. Trollope, probably her closest friend next to Browning, was in Siena. He thinks had he been present he could have persuaded her to call a doctor, but in his absence she obstinately refused to take medical advice. Trollope believed that her life might have been saved had she received proper attention. A few of her friends were with her in the last days of her brief illness, and Madame Pasquale Villari was by her bedside when she died.

Isabella Blagden was buried in the lovely cypress-shaded English cemetery just outside the old walls of Florence. There are two burial grounds in Italy hallowed by the associations of English poetry. One is the Protestant cemetery at Rome where the body of Keats and the ashes of Shelley were placed. The other is the English cemetery at Florence where Landor and Mrs Browning were buried. It is fitting that Isa's grave should be in this beautiful spot in the Florence she loved so well, close to the graves of her friends, Mrs Browning and the Trollopes.

The personality of Isa Blagden is revealed to us in oblique fashion through the numerous vignettes of her friends. With her origins veiled in mystery, her literary reputation transitory, her nature modest and unpretentious, she seems but a humble member of the gifted coterie by whom she was surrounded. She lacked, as has been said, any distinction of rank or advantages of fortune. And yet when we seek a focus for the talented Anglo-Florentine group, it is not to be found in Browning, a poet of genius, in Adolphus Trollope, a scholarly historian, in Kate Field, a beautiful woman endowed with literary and musical sensitivity; but rather in Isa, whose primary qualities were a warm heart and a limitless capacity for friendship. Villa Bricchieri, not Casa Guidi or Villino Trollope, was the English and American social centre of Florence between 1850 and 1870. Relatively unimportant in herself, Isabella Blagden is the pivotal figure of a galaxy of men and women whose names are still bright in the remembrance of posterity. A minor personage, a pastel portrait, this little woman, an Eurasian yet so typically Victorian, has an illumined niche in the reflected light of that brilliant social *milieu* from which she can never be severed.

It was reserved for Henry James, the great psychological novelist, to capture the spiritual distillation of Isabella's personality. He had only talked with her during one brief morning at Bellosguardo, but the interview left an indelible impression. He recorded this after her death, in a letter to William Wetmore Story, with the intuitive vision of the artist. In his "salutation to the hovering shade" of Miss Blagden, he writes of her devotion to the Brownings, and recalls how she had "befriended the lonely, cheered the exile and nursed the sick." "These friendships and generosities," he continues, "in a setting of Florentine villa and views, of overhanging terraces and arched *pianterreni*, of Italian loyalties and English

longings, of shy literary yearning and confessed literary starvation —these things formed her kindly little legend." The American novelist then describes the morning he spent with Isa amid the springtime air of a garden at Bellosguardo.

> I feel again the sun of Florence in the morning walk out of Porta Romana and up the long winding hill; I catch again, in the great softness, the accents of the straight black cypresses; I lose myself again in the sense of the large cool villa, already then a centre of histories, memories, echoes, all generations deep; I face the Val'd'Arno, vast and delicate, as if it were a painted picture; in special I talk with an eager little lady who has gentle, gay black eyes and whose type gives, visibly enough, the hint of East-Indian blood. The villa had, as I say, a past then, and has much more of one now; which romantic actualities and possibilities, a crowd of international relations, hung about us as we lingered and talked, making, for the victim of this first impression of the place, a mere fond fable of lives led and work done and troubles suffered there.
>
> She had seen the procession, the human panorama, more or less polyglot; there were odd people—oh, "precursors" enough, in *her* list!—whom she had known and of whom I knew; and then we had friends in common, figures of the Florentine legend, to my knowledge of whom she added; with which, moreover, there were wistful questions that were at the same time, for the passer-by, provocations of envy; the books she would have liked to read, the news she would have liked to get, the people she would have liked to see, amounting all, in their absence, as I remember ingenuously thinking, to nothing more than a sign of how deep one might be in Italy.

Possibly this sketch of personal reminiscence, from the pen of Henry James, is a little over-romanticized. Isa as an echo of the past, a repository of historic memories, literary associations, and Italian settings, is withdrawn into the shadows and becomes "a hovering ghost." In life she had her own sparkle. Her friends speak of her animation and enthusiasm, her freedom from ennui and boredom, her habitual cheerfulness. As Alfred Austin testifies: "The news, 'Isa is coming,' invariably filled with an almost child-like delight a certain Florentine circle." Dulness, outward or inward, was foreign to Isabella Blagden. Her biographer notes: "She gloried in the gorgeous apparel of the external world, just as—many will remember—she delighted in bright textures and vivid colours for feminine adornment."

The essays of Isa, which are superior to her novels, reveal her eye for the picturesque and her love of brilliant hues. Illustrations may be cited from a charming article called "A Holiday in Venice," printed in the *Cornhill Magazine*, for October 1865. After nursing Mrs Trollope in her last illness, Miss Blagden went to Venice for a month to recuperate. Of her visit she wrote to Kate Field: "I

enjoyed it thoroughly and entirely—No place has so completely enchanted me." Her sketch in the *Cornhill* was a record of her impressions. Isa was "deep in Italy," and passages in this essay reflect the magic and richness of Venetian scenery, and the ever-shifting colours of those gay water fêtes in which the natives of Venice delight.

> The gondola shot from the steps of the garden, and for a few minutes we seemed to be alone on the canal. Above, was the soft darkness of the sky; around, a shimmering haze of transparent air, pregnant of stars soon to be born; below, the liquid shining blackness, through which we cut our way.
>
> But suddenly, far off, we heard sounds of music, and then, as if evoked by the sound, there floated slowly towards us a train of luminous apparitions; gondolas, with rows of coloured lamps of every tint and shape, slung to the square rods of the awnings, and rowed by gondoliers in their holiday costume of white, with particoloured sashes looped up at the sides.... The effect was beautiful. The two illuminated barges containing the two orchestras were moored, one at the Rialto and one at the Piazzetta, and it seemed as if beds of gay flowers were gliding down the canal, from end to end, between two lofty variegated banks; or as if a flight of those fairy birds, with silver beaks and peacock tails, of which Eastern stories tell us, were fluttering to and fro their jewelled nests over a magic lake.

Limitations of space preclude the citation of the fine description of St. Mark's Cathedral in "A Holiday in Venice," or the graphic account of a visit to Vallombrosa in another article contributed by Isa to the *Cornhill Magazine*, entitled "A Tuscan Village—A Tuscan Sanctuary."

Isabella Blagden had a sunny but not a shallow nature. Her sweetness was never cloying, nor did her genial temperament lack edge, as her whimsical sparring with Browning evinces. In a letter of 1870, the poet affectionately reminds her: "Yet so are we made that I suppose we should teaze each other again if the seas and lands did not separate us; whom *does* one care to teaze that one does not also care to kiss? 'Love both ways, kiss and teaze.' " Despite Miss Blagden's gaity of disposition, her life was not one of unalloyed happiness. She was such an unfailing source of comfort and good cheer to her friends that it is difficult to realize her lack of family ties and relationships. She might well have been a lonely woman but for her hospitality and benevolence. Her genius for friendship had its root in the qualities of her heart, and so inspired her that it became a philosophy of life. "Women must love or their blood turns to vinegar," one of her novels ends; and in expressing the conviction of Mrs Spencer, a character in her fiction, Isa voices

her own: "It is better, believe me, to love, than to be loved: the loving love longer than the beloved."

Isabella Blagden was a brave yet a sensitive spirit; and in her poetry we glimpse a gentle melancholy which she concealed from the men and women whose worldly paths she brightened. Occasionally the melancholy became passionate rather than gentle, but even in a storm-tossed mood Isa exhibits strength and fortitude, as her sonnet to Endurance testifies:

> Wild heart be still! From yon lone mount, a star
> Looks singly forth on the dark world. Art thou
> Less brave? To thee thy fears and sorrow are
> As night to yon bright orb; yet is its brow
> Radiant and calm, as when amid the joy
> Of the young earth its light flashed forth from God!
> Can summer suns, or gentle moons alloy
> The immemorial woe to which art vowed,
> O cypress-tree? Yet dost thou sternly bear
> Thy mournful doom, and with a brave despair
> Droop'st not, albeit no smiles of vernal spring
> To thy funereal crown new light can bring.
> Lo! these bear up 'gainst Fate a steadfast war;
> Am I less noble than the tree or star?

Seventy years have passed since the death of Isa Blagden. She left no diary or journal to perpetuate her name; her few surviving letters are scraps and jottings; her contributions to literature, while far from contemptible, are of transient worth. It is only in her setting as the social centre of the Anglo-Florentine colony of her day that she has a claim to remembrance. Ultimately we return to Henry James' vision of Isa as a reflection of the associations, traditions and memories clustering about the notable English and American men and women who lived in or visited Florence between 1850 and 1870. She is, in this sense, a pastel portrait, or a prism dyed with colours when touched by the ambient light of the sun. Though she left scant record of herself, it is doubtful whether any other woman has received so many affectionate tributes from people of high distinction in the middle years of the nineteenth century. Hers was the Florence of Landor and the Brownings, and towards it flowed streams of pilgrimage from England and America. A runnel of Victorian society, devoted to arts and letters, intermingled there with a rivulet of the painters, sculptors and *literati* of New England in its golden age. Florence, even more than Rome, is representative of this conflux, sym-

bolically significant of the cousinship between English and American artists and men of letters. And in Florence, the Villa Bricchieri was like an *imperium in imperio*, with Isa Blagden the unassuming yet acknowledged mistress of her little salon.

Villa Bricchieri still endures. It stands about a mile outside the walls of Florence on the height of Bellosguardo commanding a lovely view of the city and the valley of the Arno. Beyond these rise the cypress-covered slopes of Fiesole interspersed with white villas and topped by the gray tower of a medieval cathedral silhouetted against the sky. The large cool villa, with its terrace, balcony, and adjoining garden, has romantic charm and beauty. The Italian history of Villa Bricchieri both antedates and follows the residence there of Isabella Blagden.

> It has had its scenes, its joys and crimes,
> But that is its own affair.

The English or American visitor to Florence will, however, always link Villa Bricchieri with the years it was tenanted by Isa. Historic shades seem to haunt it,—the hovering ghosts of Landor, the Brownings, Robert Lytton, the Trollopes, Kate Field, Frances Cobbe, Charlotte Cushman, the Storys, Harriet Hosmer, Hawthorne and others—who in life walked in the garden, drank tea on the terrace, looked at the stars from the balcony, discussed music, painting, sculpture and literature in the reception room, or wrangled over spiritualism and chit-chatted there. Above all, the villa enshrines the memory of the kindly, merry Isa, unendowed with genius, fortune or title, but rich in the possession of a loving heart; whose "greatest poem," as it has been aptly put, "was her life—her generous gift of human sympathy and love."

It is a vanished society now, this cross-section of Victorianism with its shibboleths, conventions, artistic interests and ideals,—interblended with a dash of New England transcendentalism. The cobwebs and creepers of time have dimmed some of its lustre; the searchlight of modern criticism has exposed some of its weakness. The Anglo-Florentine colony was in certain respects an exotic bloom. A choice company, but few in numbers, its members did not escape the foibles, the pruderies, the innate conservatisms of the Victorian age, but they also exhibit the dignity and poise of that era. Now that the dykes of this settled and long-established order have broken down, and the world like a labouring ship tosses in the stress of the tempest, we may look back at times with longing to the

idyllic havens where our Victorian fathers dwelt. A contemplation of this little cameo of English and American life, centring about Isa Blagden and the Villa Bricchieri, may bring momentary respite and spiritual refreshment. Like Kipling's "Three-Decker," the Victorians, with their love of form and ceremony, carried more *impedimenta* than we do. Yet their voyage was more leisurely and better charted. Under a stately sail, with "tiering canvas in sheeted silver spread," they have passed to a far horizon, having completed the measure of their days. Whatever vicissitudes of weather they encountered, they enjoyed to the full life's halcyon harbours, and often attained outward happiness and a serenity of mind that we may envy. So, recalling in connection with a literary study that Art is a way of escape, we may pause for a brief interval in the midst of a cataclysmic world to wish the Victorian "Three-Decker" a *bon voyage* to "the Islands of the Blest."

> Hull down—hull down and under—she dwindles to a speck,
> With noise of pleasant music and dancing on her deck.
> All's well—all's well aboard her—she's left you far behind,
> With a scent of old-world roses through the fog that ties you blind.

# MARY I, QUEEN OF ENGLAND

ERIC HARRISON

THE English have never approved of fanaticism in their rulers. Visionaries on the throne of England have been mercifully rare. Of the few who distorted the royal functions to a pattern of personal obsession, Charles I lost his head, James II his throne, George III the American colonies and his reason. Mary Tudor forfeited the hearts of her people, thereby destroying all hope for the survival of the cause to which she had devoted her life, and leaving in the memory of the nation an enduring distaste for coercion of conscience by the state. The differences that divided men to the death on a point of theology have cooled since the time of Mary's tragedy; the bitterness has distilled into a humour of liberty. Today, as Dr. J. A. Williamson has written, "every Englishman has something in his bones and blood that the Reformation martyrs have bequeathed him. His judgment is his own; he cannot yield it into the keeping of the state." Yet in the meantime of English history, the poisons of intolerance, fortified by the politics of terrorism, flowed through the veins of many generations of men, and were apt to break out from time to time in sore spots of persecution. The fires of Smithfield and the flames that licked about the bishops at Oxford were kept alive for more than three hundred years, fed by the agonized woodcuts of Foxe's *Acts and Monuments of the Protestant Reformation*, and banked by the coals of his fervent prose. Since Englishry under Elizabeth was destined to be made more Protestant than Catholic, that famous martyrology grew into a national possession, scarcely less hallowed in the treasury of sacred works than the Bible itself. Thus Cranmer's candle lived to illumine the paths of the Roman Church's enemies and the Marian faggots burned only to consume the cause of the Catholic faith. "Nothing so greatly served," wrote H. A. L. Fisher, "to purify and deepen the Protestant religion in England or to implant in the minds of the common people a horror of Rome than those ill-judged severities, undertaken against the prudent judgment of Charles V, on the initiative of a solitary and miserable woman."

That woman, Henry VIII's daughter by Katharine of Aragon, was the least political member of a family powerfully gifted with the arts of statecraft. These normally include a robust ability to

serve great ends by accommodation and compromise, a willingness not to run principle too hard, and, above all, an avoidance of definitions. The intellectual qualities appropriate to such courses are not those of the logician; to the moralist they may seem to be little better than a sort of shabby pragmatism; to the foreign observer they have often appeared to be characteristically English. Yet to Elizabeth and her minister, Sir William Cecil, Lord Burghley, saving their state from shipwreck, it seemed that they were merely observing the rule of safety in political navigation by steering a middle course between doctrinal shoals.

Mary's father, that parliamentary tyrant, was never more of an egotist than the temper of his subjects would allow. In the pursuit of an interest at once personal and national, he collided with the authority of Rome. He worked his will by tactics that gained the immediate object of canonical sanction for his marriage with Anne Boleyn, and by a strategy that secured the permanence of his plan for an Erastian state. He quieted doubt with a front of implacable force. He exorcised resistance with a gory pageant of ruthlessness. He was not afraid to destroy some of the finest spirits in the land who dared to stand in his way. They had no Foxe to perpetuate their message of constancy; dying for a lost cause, they made no contribution to their countrymen's antipathies, until at length, scholarship has saluted their saintly sincerity, and they are rediscovered in the context of the present to have been, no less than the victims of Mary, enemies of tyranny. Yet as the defender of his dynasty against the frustrations of Papal taboos, King Henry was at one with the mass of his subjects. Nor was this enough. He exploited their prejudices, and played upon their cupidity, so that they followed him, not unwillingly, through a revolutionary course of national socialism at the expense of the Catholic Church. He expropriated the material endowment which he had taught them to covet, repudiated the foreign jurisdiction which he had helped them to hate, but preserved against heresy the Mass, the faith of their fathers to which they clung.

Henry's other daughter, Elizabeth, and Lord Burghley, made use of the same skill in resolving political dilemma. Being confronted with an incipient anarchy of Catholic and Protestant, they contrived to equate the spiritual welfare of the nation with the secular, and by dexterity in draftsmanship, produced the Anglican Church. It has been somewhat cynically observed by a recent

biographer of Archbishop Laud that "the thirty-nine articles managed to sanction almost every known doctrine."

Yet such a latitude was surely not so far removed from the humanistic view of essential Christianity without pedantry of theology, which, if the hierarchy had listened to Erasmus in time, might have saved the Church in the West from catastrophe, and preserved Europe in Christian charity from the oceans of blood that it spilled over Christian dogmatics. As for poor Mary, though lacking nothing of the family's stomach for great affairs, she was too steadfast in religion and too Spanish in temperament to be able to anticipate so smooth an emulsion of doctrinal oil and water. She lived under the fatal handicap of too potent an heredity in the Princess of Aragon.

The mother of Mary was plain and devout, risky virtues in a wife. She had been more likely to produce a child of faith than had the mother of Elizabeth, the bright, vicious and hysterical Anne Boleyn. Yet Queen Katharine's dutifulness of twenty years might have sufficed her, had it not been for her unfruitful laboriousness in child-bed. Was she not a valuable asset to the diplomacy of her in-laws, linking that upstart dynasty and their exiguous power to the imperial grandeur of Spain? As a Queen of England she had patterned the monogamous ethic of her people and done honour to their martial ardour in war. Her role had been a brave one when in the early days, as Henry's Regent, she had faced the invading Scots, the lion himself being away in France besieging Thérouanne. "You are not so busy with war in Thérouanne," she had written to Wolsey, "as I am encumbered with it in England." She came close to the English people then, as they were to draw nearer to her when Henry went a-whoring after Boleyn. "They are all very glad to be busy with the Scots," she had said, "for they take it to be a pastime. My heart is very good to it, and I am horribly busy making standards, banners and badges." The Scots ran into a ghastly defeat and Flodden passed into history as their last great border battle: not least in the armoury of victory were Katharine's own fortitude and the confident example of her needle. Try as she would, however, Queen Katharine was never able wholly to be reconciled to the land of her marriage. Always in the background of her consciousness her Spanish confessor stood, the ghostly guardian of her ultimate loyalties. Moreover, the admirable qualities she displayed as Henry's consort did not make good her

repeated failure to bear him a healthy boy, the male heir in whom King and people found their common necessity. In the persistent mortality of Henry's sons lay the making of religious revolution, and the fate of Mary, the solitary child who survived.

Those traits in Mary's nature which chiefly determined the grim purpose of her rule were Aragonese rather than Tudor. Courage she inherited from both her parents. The fascination that theology held for her was similarly a joint bequest. Her gaiety, somewhat stifled in adolescence, she derived from her father, as to him also she owed its withering. But the gravity and ballast of her personality, the spiritual conviction that came to resolve itself into a cold passion of cruelty, appear to derive from a strain of religiosity engendered within her out of the harsh intellectual atmosphere of Spain. Her mother's exotic sympathies lived on in her, and she never achieved that perfect reconciliation with her people which alone could have moulded her policy into the instinctive expression of their mood. It cannot be said of Mary, as it has been brilliantly said of Elizabeth, that under her rule "the Crown was the nation as an individual." In the contrast of the sisters lies the moral of Mary's failure.

It may be observed, however, that the mainsprings of men's actions in those dangerous times were rarely humane. The service of King Henry VIII had not been a school of clemency. The government of Edward VI was carried on as an uneasy balance of conciliar enmities, charged with personal ambition, doctrinal extremity and political opportunism. Laymen and clerics, in council or parliament, were likely to recall few precedents of mercy shown to heretics and traitors. In Mary's reign, they were prompted to restore a more conservative definition of heresy and revived an historic statute to enforce it, and though Tudor notions of obedience be urged to lighten their complicity, they cannot escape their share of responsibility for the holocaust that followed. Yet for centuries the disfigurement of it has scarred the sovereign in whose name and fervour the deeds were done, and in the popular memory that colours a nation's opinion, the Catholicism of Rome and of Spain lingered on in dreadful connotation of what was cruel, foreign and malignant.

Mary was born in 1516. The blight did not descend upon her until she was perhaps fourteen, or thereabouts. Till then, her ways were the flowered walks of the only daughter of a Renaissance

Prince. Her education was conducted according to the careful scheme of the Spaniard Vives, that eminent scholar. Her infant destiny was betrothal to France or Spain, or by a slight anticlimax, according to the vagaries of dynastic politics, perhaps to the King of Scotland. About the person of this small princess, there clung an especial interest and a deepening concern, as that magnificent male, the King of England, and his stoutish, devoted wife, failed to produce a prince who could outlive the rigours of being born.

Until the causes of that fearful mortality had been diagnosed as metaphysical, the little girl enjoyed her golden age. The safe world smiled on her; the foundations of her existence were unquestioned; nothing was in jeopardy; a beneficent providence presided in whom the amiable denizens of her universe were perfectly assured. She learned her lessons in the graces, the austerities of Latin, the elegancies of French, the tinkling wistfulness of the virginals. Before the child was three her endless betrothals began. She was promised to the infant Dauphin. At six she was affianced to the Emperor Charles V, her gaunt, grave cousin and her senior by some sixteen years. At nine they were bargaining to marry her to James V of Scotland. When she was ten years old she set out, as Princess of Wales, to keep court at Ludlow, mistress of an establishment of over three hundred people. Thus lapped and guarded, she grew towards adolescence, as yet untouched by that mutability which was to end all her certainties but one. Thereafter from the broken, heretic world of her unhappiness, she could look back upon the conditions of her secure and Catholic childhood as the harbour into which the ship of her realm, guided by her faithful captaincy, must joyfully return.

The dissolution was wrought by the very circumstances that made her the kingdom's only legitimate heir. Her mother's long effort was done: Katharine would bear no more. But the necessity remained: the heralds had no precedent for the peaceful accession of a woman, nor was it conceivable that a woman could rule without a husband. It was only some four decades since the Tudors had fought their way to power after the thirty troubled years which marred the generation of the Wars of the Roses. Men had no wish to be plunged again into the bloody negation of law and order that had imperilled the country in the lifetime of many who could still remember it. Even if the dangers of a female succession were safely tided over, there would be the hazards of the marriage. It

was customary to seek a match for the sovereign with a reigning dynasty abroad. In that event, England might lose her proud and mettlesome independence to the lordship of a stranger, with her interests sacrificed as a mere appendage to a continental empire. If the Queen were to marry at home, the embers of old rivalries would be stirred again and the same winds that blew at the succession might fan them into flames. Whatever the canonists might say about affinities and the dispensing power of popes, Henry's case for seeking to place himself in a position to marry again could be argued strongly on political grounds. That his choice of a sucessor for Katharine was inspired less by politics than by passion was a serious complication and apt to invalidate his protestations of scruple and duty towards his subjects. His infatuation for Anne Boleyn grows large in any scrutiny of his motives or of the causes for the ensuing revolution in Church and State, and for the unhappy lot of Mary in the years to follow. Had the Boleyn clique been less ruthless, had Anne, that dangerous young woman, been content merely to be the King's mistress, she might have followed her sister Mary into honourable obscurity: but that is not to say that Henry would never have sought a second and more fertile marriage in despite of the Emperor Charles and in defiance of a Pope under imperial control. The assumption that Katharine would have missed her fate and the Anglican Church its genesis had Anne been easier game, exalts Henry's constancy at the expense of his egotism and quite diminishes the significance of Katharine's political inadequacy as a mother. For Henry to have taken Anne as his mistress might have satisfied his desire, but not the royal and national need for a legitimate prince. The longer she held out, the more clearly it appeared that the Queen must be discarded. Her miserable state could stir the people to sentiments of pity, and to ribaldry at the expense of her usurper, yet it is permissible to surmise that the popularity they withheld from Anne would have been conferred by the fickle Tudor crowd on her son, had she borne one. A royal boy would have dissolved much of the sympathetic loyalty that still lingered for Katharine; while, with male priority assured, the Princess might not have suffered so total an eclipse.

As it turned out, her child being a girl, Anne came to drink the lees of Katharine's bitterness, for whom she herself had prepared the cup. Meanwhile, in order that she might be the mother of kings, England had been severed from the jurisdiction of Rome,

and was adrift on the unchartered waters of Erastianism. For Mary, the untroubled prelude of her childhood had come to an end. She now entered upon the tearful and perilous term of her statutory illegitimacy.

The girl grew up in the bitter season of her father's anger. The woman waited on for a Catholic springtime. She and her mother were put apart, their solitude of some four years being prolonged into eternity by Katharine's death. Her establishment was reduced, her household broken up. Her title was taken away, her birth bastardized by Act of Parliament, her place being taken by the child of her mother's usurper, into whose infant service she was pressed to mark her fallen estate. For long she continued in heroic obstinacy, and against all exhortation, abuse and threat, refused to admit the right of anything that her father had caused to be done against her legitimacy. Until at last, the sustained battery of the King's siege broke her resistance down, and on the advice of her cousin and mentor, the Emperor Charles, upon whom she chiefly relied, she signed her capitulation and renounced her loyalties. She went to pieces on a summer night in 1536, at Hunsdon, where at a late hour a paper arrived from Cromwell for her to subscribe. She wrote her name to three propositions. She would acknowledge the King to be "Supreme Head of the Church in England"; utterly refuse "the Bishop of Rome's pretended authority," and admit, so amazed was her spirit, "that the marriage heretofore made between his Majesty and my mother . . . was by God's law and man's incestuous and unlawful." Thus desperately she sought relief, but the cost to conscience was too much to be borne. Alone, afraid, aware that Anne, her mother's enemy and her religion's scourge, was dead, she may have hoped that the end of her persecution was already in sight. Confronted again by Cromwell with the King's unchanging intent, she had broken down. Where More and Fisher and the Carthusians, "like bridegrooms to their wedding," had gone to meet their martyrdom, she had given up the fight. For the rest of Henry's reign she lived in the wan sunshine of her father's tolerance, but she was never again to allow herself to be tempted by the rewards of repudiation or compromise. Her surrender may be read both as a climacteric in her life and as a climax in English History.

This fall from the steep of honesty nerved her to endure the tests that lay ahead. Her life, while her father ruled, was less

circumscribed than before, and she was permitted to enjoy the pretty, petty distractions, the blameless, aimless life of a lady of rank. But the friends of her devotion suffered. To make assurance doubly sure, Henry slaughtered the Poles, the family of the exiled Reginald, whose prudent catholicity caused him to remain beyond the tyrant's reach until such times as the faithful should come into their own again. His mother, the aged Lady Salisbury, a second mother also, in her loneliness, to Mary, perished in a havoc that liquidated the most likely rivals, by descent, to the House of Tudor. Thus having cleared the way for Edward, his ailing son by Jane Seymour, Henry died. He had named his daughter Mary, though still unreclaimed to legitimacy, as heiress to the throne if the boy should die without issue; her succession was confirmed by statute.

With Henry's orthodox departure, new pressures were put upon her to conform to the more radical practices that came in with Somerset and Northumberland. She was too well fortified, however, to yield to a coercion bereft of Henry's leonine wrath. She could now stand up again to her tormentors and prick their timidity by daring them to do their worst, for she would sooner die than yield up a taper or a bead. But the brief, angry half-dozen years of her brother's survival were scarcely a comforting period in her life. When Protector Somerset in his moderation was felled from power by the turbulent John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, her sentiment was outraged by his iconoclasm, her existence brought into jeopardy by his crude ambition. Yet she endured, and by a brave gesture of defiance on the morrow of her brother's death, overrode the *coup d'état* which Northumberland attempted against her. Aiming to seize the crown for his son's wife, Lady Jane Grey, that tragic innocent whose royal blood was a poison in her veins, Northumberland thus fulfilled the prophecy of a succession in dispute. But in the event, her bewildered subjects rallied to Mary, and the queen-maker was upset.

Had she been endowed with a sense of what was politic and possible, she might now have essayed the role cast for her by the Emperor, himself bowed with disillusion over the shattered ideal of Imperial and Catholic unity in a Christendom deeply rent by schism. "Let her be in all things what she ought to be, a good Englishwoman." Yet being no actress, she could not pretend to be otherwise than she was, nor would Charles have applauded the part had she played it. Off-stage another waited, her half-sister,

Elizabeth, Boleyn's child, descendant of a plain Lord Mayor of London, whose mere Englishry was bred in the bone.

Of Mary's lapses in political tact two proved fatal to her design for a Catholic England. She chose a husband from outside the kingdom. She tried to fortify her restoration of the Faith with faggot and fire. For true to an abiding affection for the land of her mother, she married a Spaniard, Philip, the Emperor's son. The attitude of her countrymen to foreigners had long been one of suspicion, swollen occasionally into mob-violence, when the wretched aliens resident in London fell victims to May-Day rioting. A shrewd Venetian half a century before had seen that xenophobia burning bright. "They have an antipathy to foreigners, and think that they never come into their island but to usurp their goods and to make themselves masters of it." A Spanish king of England was not to be endured. Even though he was to come pinioned by the strictest limitations of his scope and authority that nationalist draftsmanship could devise, the prospect roused a rebellion, and Sir Thomas Wyatt died a traitor's death for taking up arms to save his country from an invasion out of Spain. Nor when Philip came would they ever consent to crown him. Then nature herself turned hostile and in that land of green fertility, refused him an heir. Had it been otherwise, the name of Mary might yet adorn a gilded memorial in the histories of an England preserved by her motherhood for the Catholic Church, the metropolis of a Catholic Empire, the Roman matrix of a Catholic North America. But Mary bore no son begotten by Spain and the English-speaking world shifted its orbit. As for Philip, repulsed by an outlandish people who loved him not at all, repelled by an unattractive wife who loved him too much, he left that inhospitable island, which having rid itself of foreigner, was fain to rid itself of faggot.

Thus denied of husband, child and hope, Mary remained to preside over the burnings. Not that she was without pity. As her most recent biographer, Miss Prescott, has so ably portrayed her, she was a woman whom an instinct of simple kindliness led to hazardous acts of forgiveness. After the two grave crises of her reign men were astonished at her clemency: the victims of official retribution who followed Northumberland and Wyatt were surprisingly few. But in the issue of religion, her deepest passions were moved. For the Protestant party she nursed an uneasy hatred. They were the destroyers of her polity, anarchists in the City of

God. They were disobedient; they were seditious; they were blasphemous. This numberless army of whisperers in secret places, sedulously recruiting its strength from the simple, ignorant people of England in mockery of her and in defiance of God Himself, aroused in her a sense of horror and of fear.

Who led in their persecution and who followed after, we do not know. The direct evidence against Mary is slight, but that the flames which consumed the bodies of the martyrs were fed by the inflammable stuff of her abhorrence cannot be denied. Nor was she deterred by any restraints of social ethic or private wisdom. It may be that the first sparks flew from the robust and forthright conservatism of Bishop Gardiner: he is certainly to be discerned as one of the instruments of the terror. Even Cardinal Pole, with his scholar's sensitivity and his reputation for leniency, made no protest. If Philip, likewise, for whom, in her rapture, she could pray as man in God's image, if Philip were ready to believe in such an expurgation, who was she to oppose it? Her attitude, like Philip's, Pole's, Gardiner's, and that of a Council of property owners, frightened by the disorder and radicalism of the times, was not abnormal. It was part of the lore of social healing to apply a caustic to the sore of heresy: and there were heretics in droves, violent, irreconcilable. Religion, moreover, was an expression of politics. From it were derived the principles and the idiom of social theory. Thus unorthodoxy was not a polite divergence between church and chapel; it was apt to be confused with economic discontents, to be mixed with treason, to strike at the fundamentals that held the State together. The clemency of Somerset's brief rule and the baleful excesses of Northumberland's had exhibited a terrifying spectacle of disruption. Conservatives had come to regard the Religious Left as a composite of ungodliness and licence which being projected into matters of politics and property in depression times of enclosure, unemployment and inflation, could only lead to social revolution. Greater assurance might be found in a return to the strong positions held at the end of Henry's reign: the Pope debarred, the Church expropriated, the title-deeds under private lock and key, many fortunes made, the ancient faith still largely intact, consciences healing. People who had invested in the proceeds of nationalization might boggle at restoring the Pope and look anxiously to their holdings of monastic real estate, but if the Pope were willing to leave the endowments alone in return for

recognition, they were not unwilling to revive the heresy laws as an additional security. In a mood of panic they were subscribing to a view of politics which with variant connotations, had often been repeated. It was voiced in the next century by Sir John Eliot: "Religion it is that keeps the subject in obedience."

What distorted the Government's design into large-scale savagery was the number of those who came forth in their valiance, ready and willing to die. In all, there were fewer than three hundred of them, by the standards of Christian devilry on the continent a mere handful, but for England a shocking toll which Foxe was never to allow his countrymen to forget. They came alike from high and low. Mary's biographer reveals the thing in its bitter, poignant truth. "Women at their marketing, men at their daily trade, the cobbler at his bench, the ploughman trudging the furrow —all learnt to know the awful smell of burning flesh, the flesh of a neighbour, of a man or a woman as familiar as the parish pump. Mingling with the steam of washing day, or with the reek of autumn bonfires, or polluting the sweetness of June, that stench of human burning became a matter of everyday experience. Such an experience, even in a cruel age, left behind it a memory and a disgust."

It has been shrewdly observed as a condition of political behaviour that those who try to govern on exclusively moral principles are seldom successful and never loved. Elizabeth, waiting for the succession, was unlikely to make that mistake, and Mary, who knew her sister, suffered the prescience of her life-work's undoing should she die while there was still heresy left in the subjects to encourage waywardness in the sovereign. Her time was short. She lived only long enough to see that happen which the English had feared as an outcome of her marriage. Despite their safeguards, Philip was too clever for them, and as he and his father had intended, they were dragged into a war with France in the interests of Spain. The loss of Calais, wringing from Mary a symbolic *cri de cœur*, filled the cup of her unhappiness. She died resigned, as if in liberation from the too exacting service of her nature as a Catholic Queen, in the certainty of having done her best, and in the hope of having expiated the sad surrender to her father: a pathetic figure, a little unsophisticated and timid; much dependent upon the advice of men, yet suspicious of them, and sustained in her purpose by her own passionate conviction; mourner of her father's mischief and of her un-born son; wounder of consciences; her Church's most faithful child.

With her reign, England's mediaeval empire on the continent had come at last to its attenuated end. The Pope's mediaeval dominion in England passed away too, and wealthy Englishmen could breathe again at the removal of a flaw in the title to their property. Poorer Protestants, having been annealed in the Marian furnace, were now to be wrought on the anvil of Calvinist theology. The resultant sentiment in the nation was anti-Roman but not pro-Genevan. Mary was unwittingly responsible for perpetuating the Italian antipathy; Elizabeth deliberately concerned herself with suppressing the Swiss alternative. The avoidance of papistical authoritarianism on the one hand, and presbyterian republicanism on the other, was a policy eminently suited to the genius and interests of the English ruling classes. They reaped their harvest of order and prosperity, and under the terms of their judicious compromise, were destined, after the vicissitudes of the seventeenth century, to enter their Antonine age of conformity and expansion, which only came to an end with the death of Victoria. Thereafter, as economics became a study of scarcity, faith turned secular. In the confused world of the twentieth century new ideologies have bred new terrorism, to be met by the resistance of yet another army of martyrs.

# THE EMERSON CANON

HENRY A. POCHMANN

THE publication during 1903 and 1904 of the still-standard Centenary edition of Emerson's writings (misnamed "complete") as edited and carefully annotated by Emerson's son, Edward Waldo, marked a new era of scholarly concern with America's most influential thinker and man of letters; and the appearance, between 1909 and 1914, of the *Journals of Emerson*, prepared for publication by Edward Waldo Emerson and Waldo Emerson Forbes (Emerson's nephew), inaugurated a series of investigations that wrought a complete reinterpretation of the man and his significance. Except for the appearance, in 1912, of a volume of uncollected essays, addresses, poems, reviews and letters, prepared by Charles C. Bigelow, and the occasional publication of odd lectures and addenda to Emerson's correspondence, it has generally been assumed that the Emerson canon is intact, or nearly so.

It was known, by all who took the trouble to compare the chronological list of Emerson's lectures and addresses (as enumerated in "Appendix F" of James E. Cabot's *Memoir*) with the Riverside and Centenary editions, that many of Emerson's lectures, sermons and addresses are still unavailable in print, and that they are likely to remain so for a long time, their sheer bulk being an effective deterrent. Otherwise it has been uncritically but commonly taken for granted for a decade or more, by all who are unfamiliar with the store of manuscripts in Concord, that little material essential to the study of Emerson remains generally inaccessible. The more knowing kept silent for one reason or another.

In 1931, Professor Bliss Perry's provocative little book, *Emerson Today*, first aroused the suspicion of the unitiated that all was not well. His casual reference to omissions and condensations of Emerson's manuscript journals, as they appear in the voluminous Emerson-Forbes edition, raised some questions; and when, the next year, Professor Randall Stewart laid bare the editorial methods employed in preparing Hawthorne's notebooks for publication, questions were raised as to whether Emerson's journals had undergone similar "editing" at the hands of kinsmen. When, in 1936, Professor Townsend Scudder indicated other serious discrepancies between the published and the manuscript journals, the questions became

insistent. Among them are these: (1) How complete is the text of Emerson's writings? (2) Upon what principles, and how intelligently, were the selections made? (3) How faithfully, especially in the case of the journals, did the editors execute their task?

To be sure, the publication of Emerson's voluminous manuscripts is an undertaking so extensive that very probably the whole will never appear; nor is it an established fact that the tremendous investment of time and money required for such a venture would yield commensurate results. It is problematical how much would be added to what is known about Emerson's sermons if Mr McGiffert should extend his careful selection of twenty-five from the total number of one hundred and seventy-odd unpublished sermons preserved in Concord. The law of diminishing returns is inexorable. Yet Mr McGiffert's "List of Sermons," giving titles, together with interesting data from Emerson's "Preaching Record," will tantalize the critical student of Emerson until these sermons become accessible to him.

Questionable though the need may be for a complete edition of the existing sermons, in the case of the journals there is what appears, to me at least, incontrovertible evidence that the whole should be printed. The ten published volumes include only approximately one-third of the whole. Emerson's diaries, kept for a period of more than half a century, transmute a long life of rich experience into teemingly fertile literary lore. Surely this generation, which is willing to support an expensive six-volume edition of hitherto uncollected letters of Emerson, many of them drearily prosaic, can ill afford to be content with a third of Emerson's diaries, where the talk is not, as often in the letters, about the hundrum trivia of daily intercourse, but predominantly of matters that Emerson thought noteworthy enough to warrant recording.

It must be said, in fairness to the editors of the published journals, that the bulk of manuscript, to say nothing of incoherence of sequence, undated scraps, and interpolations, presented formidable difficulties, many of which the two kinsmen succeeded admirably in resolving. They practised no concealment of the fragmentary nature of their compilation. So far from promising a complete transcription, they specifically said, in the preface, that they were presenting "selections." What is not clear, however, is (1) how successful their selection of materials is in presenting to the student all that is most essential, and (2) how far family ties and other

considerations of taste and delicacy, as these were understood during our pre-war era, resulted in tamperings with the text.

Doubtless the anxiety of the editors to keep the bulk of the published journals within bounds is responsible for the many bracketed notes indicating a passage omitted altogether, or, as in the case of Emerson's account of his visit to Wordsworth, on August 28, 1833, a notation referring the reader to some portion of Emerson's published works. In this instance he reads: "[Here follows the story of the visit, which is printed in *English Traits* almost exactly as in the notebooks. . . .]"[1] The phrase "almost exactly" can, of course, be made to cover a good deal of territory, and it does just that in this instance. Professor Scudder, having re-examined the relevant passages in the manuscripts, finds that there is in them "no trace of the slightly contemptuous attitude" which Emerson expressed some twenty years after the visit, when he recalled the incidents preparatory to writing an account of his "First Visit to England."[2] So far from finding Wordsworth's recitation of three sonnets "like a school-boy declaiming" in a manner provoking his youthful visitor nearly to laughing into the old poet's face, there is, instead, in the journal as written in 1833, the declaration that he found Wordsworth's sonnets, especially the second and third, "more beautiful than any of his printed poems." A letter written two days after the visit at Rydal Mount, printed for the first time in Professor Rusk's compilation, is confirmatory. The note of condecension was introduced as an afterthought. One may hazard the guess that the editors, confronted with an awkward discrepancy between Emerson's published record and his private notation, chose the easy way out by suppressing the latter. Similar incongruities occur between the two versions of Emerson's visit to Carlyle. The account of Emerson's call at Highgate is omitted altogether from the Emerson-Forbes *Journals*. Such indication as is made of the date of this call points to July 31, 1833; the unpublished diary shows it to have occurred on August 5.[3] All this would suggest, perhaps, to the generation which edited the journals of the major American men of letters that the student of this fifth decade of the twentieth century is of curiosity all compact, and that his head is beset with prying eyes—before, behind, and on both sides; yet if these few

[1] *Journals*, III, 182. [2] Centenary ed., V, 23.

[3] Consult Dr Scudder's *Lonely Wayfaring Man* (London, 1936), 13-14, 19-30, 204-9.

instances are indicative of the authenticity of the text which the Emerson-Forbes *Journals* present, there is some justification for the questions that have arisen. If the editors permitted what seem to be glaring errors of omission in the accounts of Emerson's first meetings with Wordsworth, Coleridge and Carlyle—meetings which they were well aware were of the greatest importance in Emerson's development—we may wish to examine the care with which they presented the thousands of pages containing materials patently less significant.

Less reprehensible, perhaps, than these errors of omission, but equally disturbing to the student intent upon grasping the real Emerson, are errors of judgment. One, so long as it remains uncorrected, will continue to plague investigators bent on tracing the growth of Emerson's philosophical powers. As in the case of Emerson's visits to the great British authors, it involves a crucial experience in the intellectual history of Emerson.

The editors of the journals printed the passage of five pages which contains Emerson's first enunciation of his "First Philosophy" at the end of the 1833 diary. At the head of this passage they set this note: "[The following, probably written in 1833, are from a smaller note-book.]" This represents an ante-dating by two years or more of a passage which, all the evidence indicates, could not have been written as early as 1833. It is odd that the editors did not avail themselves of the dating given this passage by J. E. Cabot, who doubtless based his conclusion on a correlation of this with other passages bearing on the same theme and stated emphatically: ". . . in June, 1835, I find in Emerson's journal the beginning of an attempt to expound the First Philosophy."[4] He then proceeds to quote, with minor alterations, extracts from the passage in question, together with others drawn, presumably, from other portions of the manuscript journal . The result represents two distinct versions, so that it is impossible, without referring both to the original manuscript, to determine which is authentic, or how far one surpasses the other in authenticity. It may be observed in passing that Professor Bliss Perry, in preparing *The Heart of Emerson's Journals*, cautiously avoided an exact dating by making the notation, "From Notebook, undated" (p. 81).

The problems raised by the content of these passages are crucial, and are greatly confused by the false dating. Concerned as Emerson

[4] *Memoir*, I, 246.

is with the momentous distinction between Understanding and Reason—by which he came ultimately to resolve—to his own satisfaction, at least—the epistemological problems which troubled him in the process of writing *Nature*, this passage, if written in 1833, would have obviated all the difficulties which he experienced in the composition of the book. That is, if the "First Philosophy" had been in his mind as definitely as the passage indicates as early as 1833, *Nature* should have been completed out of hand. Yet journals and letters combine to demonstrate that although it was begun in 1833, when his initial efforts gave him enough satisfaction to admit, "I like my book about Nature," he fussed over the little tract throughout the rest of the year, throughout 1834 and 1835, and until mid-September of 1836, when it was finally printed. Between September, 1833, and September, 1836—long years as Emerson impatiently reckoned time then, weighing his accomplishments against the passage of the years—his original plans were frequently modified. As late as June 28, 1836, he reported to his brother William: "My little book is nearly done. Its title is 'Nature.' Its contents will not exceed in bulk Sampson Reed's 'Growth of the Mind.' My design is to follow it by another essay, 'Spirit,' and the two shall make a decent volume."

This design was never carried out. Planned originally as a separate work, to provide a balance or counterpart for *Nature*, the projected essay on Spirit was eventually abandoned altogether. What he had to say on the subject became the seventh and shortest chapter of the book *Nature*; while the preceding chapter, on "Idealism," was inserted between the chapter dealing with Nature and her Uses and that on Spirit, in order to make the transition and to help effect the "marriage of Matter and Mind." What, therefore, began as a separate essay became finally little more than an interpolation in another essay. The question why this should have been so, strikes at the very heart of the entire problem of the development of Emerson's philosophy;[5] and the date of the passages on the "First Philosophy" is of the essence of the problem. Indeed, it is precisely the difficulties incident to the "marriage of Matter and Mind" that had to be treated in these chapters (or in the proposed second essay on "Spirit") which caused the unseasonable delay in the writing of what is, after all, less a book than a booklet.

[5]I hope to deal with this problem in a study of German cultural influence in America to be published shortly.

We are told by Cabot—and the journals are confirmatory in the main—that the first five chapters (including the "Introduction" and the four Uses of Nature: "Commodity," "Beauty," "Discipline," and "Language") had been "for some time in hand." But in proportion as he approached the critical point—that is, the section on Spirit, and the epistemological problem which had to be faced and solved before it could be written—his difficulties increased. This chapter certainly was not composed before 1835; it is doubtful whether it received its final form before August, 1836. Cabot is our authority for the assertion that Chapter VI, on "Idealism," designed to bridge the gap between Nature and Spirit, was written last of all.[8]

Thus Emerson reported, on August 8, 1836, "The book on 'Nature' still lies on the table. There is always a crack in it, not easy to be soldered or welded." The persistent crack, we have reason to believe, was a crack in his own thinking—his inability to span the "chasm," as he called it, between matter and mind.

It is at this point that the question of the 1833-*versus*-1835 dating of the passage in the *Journals* intrudes most prominently into the study of how and why Emerson reached the philosophical conclusions presented in *Nature*. If the passage was written in 1833, as the Emerson-Forbes *Journals* suggest, the delay in completing *Nature* is unaccountable; if it was penned in "June, 1835," as Cabot says, the delay is explicable on the ground that the metaphysical basis of *Nature* did not come to hand until the latter date.

Emerson first encountered the Kantian distinction between Understanding and Reason in Madame de Staël's *Germany*, very likely in the year 1821, and again in Coleridge's *Aids to Reflection*, as edited by James Marsh in 1829. By October 1, 1832, he had discovered the "Germanick new-light writer," and a year later he had seen both Coleridge and Carlyle *vis-à-vis*. But there is no indication in the journals, unless we admit the mis-dated passage in the record, and there is none in the correspondence, sermons or lectures, that he occupied himself either seriously or intelligently with the distinction before 1834. Except for the mis-dated and mis-placed passage, there are, between September, 1833, when *Nature* was begun, and December, 1834, when Emerson turned his attention definitely upon the epistemological aspect of his problem, only two cursory allusions to the Kantian distinction in the journals, and

[8] *Memoir*, I, 259.

one in the letters. In the latter, dated May 31, 1834, he still assumes that "Milton, Coleridge, and the Germans" all defined Understanding and Reason in identical terms. The Reason mentioned in these is either too much like that which occurs in his sermons or too much like the revelatory and intuitive inner light of the Quakers to be identified with the Pure Reason of Kant. There is much concern with the antagonism of mind and matter and with the particulars of the "theory of nature," as these appear in the first five sections of the book *Nature* (1836); but there is no coming-to-grips with the basic principles of epistemology, or anything like a comprehension of them in terms of German critical transcendentalism. Reason and Understanding are not, in the three references mentioned, consistently emphasized with capital letters, as was his later practice. There is, in the interpretation given them, no indication of anything more than a loose parallelism with mind and matter, respectively—certainly no glimmering of an understanding of either Kant's analytic or his dialectic. It is, of course, not to be inferred from what has been said, that Emerson ever completely grasped Kant's distinction, or that, if he did, he was content to accept the severe limitations which Kant placed upon the theoretical Reason.

Subsequent notations in the journals suggest that Emerson did not arrive at anything like his final conception of Reason and Understanding before December, 1834, by which time, unless the editors of the *Journals* are again in error, his examination of *Table Talk* and a re-examination of Coleridge's earlier works led him gradually to an interpretation approximating that of Kant. After December 2, 1834, Emerson's concern with the Kantian terms became a passionate and all-absorbing study. The distinctions between these two terms, or rather the Coleridgian explanation of them, and the applications to be made in the development of the "First Philosophy of Boston" are specifically mentioned in the journals, sometimes at considerable length, between December 2, 1834, and September 3, 1836, a total number of thirty-four times.

The answer to the question to what degree Emerson grasped the meaning and significance of Kant and his successors is important not only for a comprehension of Emerson but also for the entire study of idealism in American thought; but it does not directly concern the matter in hand. What is very much to the point is that if the passage,[7] which represents in some respects the highest point

[7] *Journals*, III, 235-7.

in Emerson's comprehension of the Kantian dichotomy, is dated 1833, then it seems impossible that Emerson should have concerned himself, often blunderingly, with the distinction between Reason and Understanding and its applications some fifty more times thereafter. That is, if he comprehended, in 1833, the essential problems involved as clearly as he seems to in this passage, then the puzzle-headedness of a score or more references during 1833-5 becomes inexplicable.

If, then, these few instances, all taken from the short section comprising sixty pages of the 1833 journal, are indicative of what may be expected of the five-thousand-odd pages that comprise the remainder of the printed journals, we may well wonder whether it would not be a profitable labour to collate the manuscript journals with the printed version and prepare a volume or two giving variant readings, furnishing the more important omissions, and otherwise indicating, by summary or synopsis, the contents of the passages deleted—many of which, we suspect, are of more importance to the serious student of Emerson than the editors dreamed.

The extreme importance of such deleted passages came to my attention when, following the leads of Professor Joseph Warren Beach's provocative article on "Emerson and Evolution," which appeared in this journal (July, 1934), I had the manuscript journals after 1849 searched for references to post-Kantian philosophers. The results revealed a score of passages omitted in the *Journals* which not only fully corroborate the surmises of Professor Beach but supply, at the same time, objective proof that Emerson's philosophy, far from being a haphazard affair of whim, rags and patches, and irreconcilable contrarieties, followed a course of consecutive development, traceable through four rather clearly defined epistemological phases. The demonstration of this four-fold progression, suggesting a complete reinterpretation of Emerson, must wait for another occasion. It is mentioned only to emphasize the importance to the progress of Emerson scholarship of a complete and authentic recording of the journals. Obviously better than a volume or two of addenda would be the alternative, provided the necessary permissions and adequate support were procurable, of re-editing the whole.

Although the Emerson Memorial Association of Concord has recently graciously placed in the Harvard College Library an almost complete typescript of the manuscript journals, access to and quo-

tation from the entire corpus are still far from unrestricted. It would seem that the sooner all these materials are made freely available, the better it will be for all concerned. The availability of support for a printing of the complete journals, in view of the handsome subvention recently accorded Professor Rusk's expensive six-volume edition of Emerson's letters, would seem to be not impossible. It should be added that Mr Rusk's massive collection of hitherto unpublished letters and parts of letters still leaves the student of Emerson under the troublesome necessity of consulting and collating half-a-dozen other books and collections of special correspondence, some of them out of print and no longer procurable.

The inchoate state of the Emerson canon is not peculiar to Emerson. That of Lowell is not better. Professor Thomas Ollive Mabbott's projected definitive edition of Poe's writings promises to clarify the canon of Poe. Professor Currier's bibliography of Whittier indicates all too clearly the bad state of Whittier's text, and Professor Thompson's book on the young Longfellow hints at some of the difficulties in the way of a thorough-going scholar in that field. In the case of Emerson there are at least two encouraging circumstances: the Emerson heirs are fully aware of the demands of sound scholarship, and they are therefore gradually making their valuable materials available. Meanwhile, much of what has been and is being written on the subject of Emerson is condemned to be provisional and tentative.

# LITERARY CRITICISM AND SCIENCE

CHARLES I. GLICKSBERG

## I. RECONNAISSANCE

THE struggle between science and literary criticism goes on, and with the years the issue becomes more muddled rather than clearer. The antagonism that many writers manifest towards the conclusions of science should neither surprise nor discourage us; psychic inertia is a datum, a force, that must constantly be reckoned with in all realms of thought. The aim of science is to classify facts and pass judgments upon them, without regard to the peculiarities of the individual mind. Science, therefore, appeals to the reason, not the imagination. Conclusions must flow inevitably out of the observations made, the facts presented. No matter what the subject matter may be, it is the method that counts, but that method —let there be no mistake about it—takes as its goal or ideal the complete interpretation of the universe. It is content with nothing less. If science is to be excluded from any field, that is due to a very simple consideration: it is impossible as yet to apply the scientific method. Metaphysical speculation cannot furnish anything that falls within the scope of what science regards as knowledge. What is beyond verification or the possibility of verification remains outside the pale of science. There is no short cut to truth.

But what of the needs of the imagination? Science cannot afford to disregard the aesthetic faculty in man. The creative imagination is as indispensable for the scientist as it is for the poet. But science, far from inhibiting the aesthetic faculty, actually exercises it. There is, as Karl Pearson points out, a striking parallel between the artist's work and that of the scientist.

> The scientific interpretation of phenomena, the scientific account of the universe, is therefore the only one which can permanently satisfy the aesthetic judgment, for it is the only one which can never be entirely contradicted by our observation and experience. It is necessary to strongly emphasize this side of science, for we are frequently told that the growth of science is destroying the beauty and poetry of life. It is undoubtedly rendering many of the old interpretations of life meaningless, because it demonstrates that they are false to the facts which they profess to describe. It does not follow from this, however, that the aesthetic and scientific judgments are opposed; the fact is, that with the growth of our scientific knowledge the basis of the aesthetic judgment is changing and must change. There is more beauty in what science has to tell us of the

chemistry of a distant star, or in the life-history of a protozoon than in any cosmogony produced by the creative imagination of a pre-scientific age. By "more real beauty" we are to understand that the aesthetic judgment will find more satisfaction, more permanent delight, in the former than in the latter.[1]

This brings to a head the conflict between science and poetry. Critics as professional propagandists are still hotly involved in this quarrel. Their demand is that we take sides, and the right side at that. We cannot, in any event, remain neutral. A great danger threatens culture, a danger as great as totalitarianism, the danger of science; the flower of poetry withers if science is allowed to triumph. The battle is on.

And Matthew Arnold, the high priest of the humanist movement, is quoted with unction by the critics when they are hard pressed to defend their position. Arnold saw clearly the issue at stake. The most effectual means to know ourselves and the world, he argued, is to know the best which has been thought and said. Modern scientific study, he conceded, is as much a part of our culture as knowledge of literature and art. But what is the value of amassing facts if these are not related to problems of conduct and the perception of beauty? Matthew Arnold takes it for granted that in the sphere of ethics and aesthetics, science is disqualified from voicing an opinion. Here literature comes into its own. What men of science give us is knowledge, the raw material unassimilated, and such knowledge is disappointing. The scientist is so absorbed in the process of accumulating piles of data that he has no time left for relating scientific knowledge to the primary concerns of human nature. Humane letters, however, can help to satisfy man's paramount needs: they can shape conduct, refine perception of beauty, bring us into intimate communion with the rest of mankind. Literature does more: it enables man to relate the results of science to the problem of conduct and the human craving to discover the element of beauty in life. If a choice must be made between humane letters and the natural sciences, then he feels that the great majority of mankind would do well to choose to be educated in the former. "Letters will call out their being at more points, will make them live more."[2] Arnold has taken his stand.

Curiously enough, he takes his stand on the vantage ground which has served mystics and metaphysicians who wished to

[1]Karl Pearson, *The Grammar of Science* (London, 1911), 36.
[2]Matthew Arnold, *Discourses in America* (London, 1912), 129.

recommend a belief without being put to the trouble of proving it: namely, the irreducible fact of human nature, one and indivisible and changeless. The instinct for beauty is implanted in human nature, and if it is there it must be satisfied; "human nature" cannot be starved or perverted. This realization gives him the assurance that humane letters, despite all the attacks of science, are really not in serious danger. Their primacy in the future will not be surrendered.

This conflict between literature and science is still going on. No one can possibly deal with literary criticism and fail to wrestle with this problem. In *The Meaning of Meaning*, C. K. Ogden and I. A. Richards reduce the problem to first principles, maintaining that once the double function of language is understood, the antinomy is resolved.

> It ought to be impossible to pretend that any scientific statement can give a more inspiring or a more profound "vision of reality" than another. It can be more general or more useful, and that is all. On the other hand it ought to be impossible to talk about poetry or religion as though they were capable of giving "knowledge," especially since "knowledge" as a term has been so overworked from both sides that it is no longer of much service. A poem . . . has no concern with limited and directed reference. It tells us, or should tell us, nothing. It has a different, though an equally important and a far more vital function . . . . What it does, or should do, is to induce a fitting attitude to experience.[3]

The two functions of language, the referential and the evocative, need not be confused. The antagonism between science and poetry is thus unnecessary. This futile squabble can easily be settled.

Apart from the terminology used, this sounds very much like Matthew Arnold, and in his book, *Science and Poetry*, I. A. Richards comes round to that position. But we shall find, as we go along, that most of the solutions proposed by the embattled literary critics create more difficulties than points of reconciliation.

## II. The Literary Animus against Science

The literary opponents of science will often reject any effort at mediation. They will conclude no truce with the devil. Science concerns itself with measurement, observation, with knowledge that is instrumental, quantified, and objective, but literature (particularly poetry) deals with an autonomous and complete

[3] C. K. Ogden and I. A. Richards, *The Meaning of Meaning* (London and New York, 1930), 158.

world of experience; it gives us knowledge of a different and higher kind. They demonstrate the profound antagonism that exists between the two disciplines by reducing the scientific method to absurdity. Consider, they say, a situation compounded of water and moonlight. To the chemist the water consists of two well-known ingredients, and that is the limit of his interest; to the physicist, light possesses qualities which can be measured. But the poet creates beauty out of his sense data fused with his personal history and his emotional state. He sees waves pounding on the beach, he beholds the bright spilth of moonlight on the white glimmering sands, and he writes a poem which has nothing whatsoever to do with scientific data or scientific theories.

Psychology—a science—has lately revolutionized the study of poetry. At least it has formulated a new approach, the genetic method. By deepening our insight into the nature and function of the emotional life in all its complexity it has contributed greatly to our understanding of the effects that poetry produces and how these effects are achieved. The poet has as his aim the ordering and harmonizing of the emotions of his readers. But is this ordering of the emotions divorced from the process of communicating some kind of truth? If so, what sort of truth does the poet communicate as differentiated from the truths that science establishes? Is this poetic truth intimately related to the world that man knows? And if poetic truth has some veridical relation to the external world, how can we discover it? Fundamentally, what the poet does is to give utterance to value judgments about life and the universe, about the way these affect him and, presumably, others as well. He invests his poetic truth with the aura of universality. If poetry does unquestionably have the power of arousing in us a train of vivid emotions, are these awakened feelings valid in their interpretation of universal values? Does poetry afford us "real" insight into "the heart of things"? Does it actually influence the major issues of our life? What if a poetic truth is in flat disagreement with other truths, for example the reports of science?

As a rule, whenever the literary critics rail against science, it is never any particular discovery or conclusion they are attacking, but science in general. That is the burden of their song. It is the pretensions of science to possess a monopoly of knowledge and truth, it is the prestige in which science is held, that provoke their ire. Are they not revealers of the truth in their own right? And

so, in order to counter what they consider the encroachments of science, they attempt to create a philosophy of their own, and often a spurious one at that. They turn to theosophy and magic, to private revelations, esoteric Buddhism, mystical flashes of intuition. Anything to discredit science and escape from its domination.

A number of writers have openly declared that science is responsible for our present impasse. It has served as a destructive agent. It has robbed man of the power to believe and of the capacity to hold positive and enduring values. What the poet, for example, craves is the conviction that values not only exist but are supremely important, that they support the earth's foundations. Whatever else may fail, they cannot perish. Over and above the realm of neutral facts is the kingdom of value.

Hence D. H. Lawrence declared his belief in the blood and instincts as being wiser than the calculating intellect. He refused to accept the scientific explanation of the sun and the moon and the stars, even if it seemed plausible. It was the poetic aspect of universe which interested him. In his search for a clue to the universe he had swallowed such a lot of jargon that he would rather listen to a negro witch doctor than to Science. And Wyndham Lewis, for not dissimilar reasons, delivers polemical blasts against science for being essentially destructive. The scientist, it seems, is drunk with power, intoxicated with the possibilities that stretch before him of wholesale destruction. Once give the scientist power —he is only a narrow-minded specialist—and he will betray the instincts of the mob, for that is what the anonymity of science leads to in the end. In *The Art of Being Ruled*, Wyndham Lewis declares: "In its present vulgarized condition science represents simply the principle of destruction: it is more deadly than a thousand plagues."

The anti-noetic retreat of the intellectuals is clearly evident in their hostility towards the scientific method. Why they should fear it and attack it so furiously presents a problem in depth-psychology or perhaps psychoanalysis. The fact is they have placed themselves consistently in the opposition. And their antagonism is not to be lightly dismissed as the vagaries of the creative temperament. It is a symptom of profound import. At a time when all the values characteristic of Western civilization are under venomous attack, when the life of reason is repudiated and the moral order violated on all sides, these intellectuals identify them-

selves with the belief in the blood and the unconscious which the Fascist philosophers have found it expedient to glorify. Of course, they dissociate themselves from such sinister implications. In fact, like T. S. Eliot they profess a studied unconcern with politics as a means or an end. That is not the road to salvation they seek, though they often go out of their way to denounce democracy as moribund and liberalism as dead. But the fact remains, and it looms large, that they condemn science on moral as well as intellectual grounds. Here, they say in effect, is the cause of our malady; the cure is obvious and urgent—the repudiation of science.

This is virtually the conclusion at which Allen Tate arrives in *Reason in Madness*. An obscurantist of the first order, he argues "that historicism, scientism, psychologism, biologism, in general the confident use of the scientific vocabularies in the spiritual realm, has created or at any rate is the expression of a spiritual disorder." The assumption that we can order our experience scientifically, he asserts, has accentuated our distress. Science and the deification of reason have led us to the verge of bankruptcy. Because the moral authority is defunct and the religious control non-existent, we are today in danger of becoming a slave state, all under the empty slogans of democracy. While science has taken over the responsibility of interpreting and ordering our experience, it is incapable of ordering our emotions, our spiritual values, because these do not lend themselves to positivist procedures. His contention is "that the high forms of literature offer us the only complete, and thus the most responsible, versions of our experience."

Unlike Allen Tate, the poets for good reasons reject the notion that poetry is a criticism of life. For if it is, then their wares are put as it were on the same level as the conclusions of science, and the poets know they don't stand a chance. The criticism of life they give is too scrappy, unco-ordinated, contradictory, and subjective. Hence not to be outdistanced, the poets, pointing proudly to their august origins, maintain, as did William Butler Yeats, that they are communicants and revealers of a secret hidden life, the source of which they alone can tap. They are the priests who ritualistically hold up for us shining symbols of the supreme mystery, otherwise denied our purblind, earth-bound, empirical vision. That is why Yeats the poet uncomprisingly hated science. He much preferred the evocations of theosophy, shadowy twilight to the full glare of daylight. After dabbling in esoteric Buddhism,

he came to see that science represented a negation of life, a truce with death. One became mummified in the mechanical cold intellect. In short, Yeats came close to drawing up a religion of art, a religion based upon the affirmations of the great poets.

Perhaps the most rounded and effective attack on science was made by an English critic, Michael Roberts, who also happens to be a physicist. He wrote *The Modern Mind* in order to express his conviction that subjective states—poetry, dreams, desire, religion—are as real as the world of the outer senses. It is fallacious to assume, he argues, that the world of abstractions fathered by science is more real than spiritual experience. In short, poetic truth is as "true" as scientific truth; the two are incommensurable. Science, by confining itself to the report of the senses, utterly neglected one aspect of experience: the world of moral values and aesthetic facts. Is only that real which can be measured? Is everything else to be denied a certificate of reality? Dogmatic materialism does just that: it denies reality to subjective states and takes "sensual" truth as the sole criterion of judgment. Such a doctrine, if carried to extremes, leads to the repudiation of art, and Roberts protests vigorously against this imposition of scientific reality as embracing all experience. No empirical test can replace the need for human judgment and inner illumination.

Logic is not the essence of thinking. The supreme test of the value of thought is not the testimony of the external senses and their conformity to reality. His solution suggests that there may be two worlds of value in which man may dwell without feeling a sense of incompatibility: the logical order and the imaginative order. Man needs faith, the sustaining power of the absolute. All that science can do is to indicate how things behave and how nature can be controlled if we are to attain our ends. In his daily life, however, man needs to be supported by the conviction that his desires have value. But the fundamental concepts of physics are not valid for other purposes.

It requires inconoclastic insight to discover the real reasons why the scientific method is so bitterly attacked by many of the critics and why poetry, for example, is exalted as an autonomous art and therefore exempt from the "totalitarian" monopoly of science. Actually no such state of warfare exists between science and poetry. The picture drawn by the belletristic fanatics is largely the figment of a brooding, biased, and disordered imagination, jealous of its

dignity and nursing a profound grievance. The poets and critics cry aloud that they are being persecuted, if not crucified, by the Pilates of Science, and they feel this way because they are themselves guilty of harbouring thoughts of aggression. They project their fear and hatred upon the enemy. The poet feels hemmed in because, if the values implicit in his work are to be judged by positivistic standards, he is lost and poetry becomes a "dead" art. For the language of metaphor and feeling is then stripped of vitality and content. Under the pragmatic eyes of science, to say that "my soul is like a boat" or "Hail to thee, blithe spirit," is nonsense. There is no referent. Hence the poet makes a virtue of necessity and declares the independence of his art, arguing that it must be understood and evaluated in its own right and according to its own laws. This is a circuitous way of telling the scientists to mind their own business.

One would be hard put to it, however, to find instances of reputable scientists who deliberately spend their time confining literature within the limitations of the scientific method. They may deny that poetry furnishes knowledge, and if we accept their definition of "knowledge" there is no gainsaying their verdict. But they will not question the intuitions and judgments and valuations that poets frequently express; they simply draw the line at incorporating these within their own scientific discipline. There is nothing wrong in this. Certain sciences can, it is true, help to explain a work of art, locate it in space and time, trace its genetic origins, but they can offer no clue to the elusive but basic problem of evaluation, what makes one work superior to another. The scientist is willing to admit that the creative process, despite all that we know of the functioning mind, is still in part a mystery. Yet he will refuse to grant that a fundamental dualism exists between science and literature. Each works according to its own laws and limitations; each seeks to impose a significant, ordered pattern upon the flux of experience. For the scientist as for the poet, man is more than a bundle of appetencies, ganglia and glands, a network of stimuli and responses. Science includes also a study of conation, feeling, morals, art, religion, dreams: all the forces that make up the complex we call culture.

## III. A Science of Criticism

Few forms of expression reveal more clearly the temper of thought peculiar to an age than literary criticism. It portrays directly the problems which face not only the writer but his audience as well. The ideas that critics hold may not be valid, but they are nevertheless significant as symptoms of intellectual belief. But ideas are not spontaneously generated in a vacuum. They have psychological origins, social roots and ramifications. They are tools, instruments of knowledge. Besides being true, they must be useful, that is, capable of being applied to problems of conduct; they must satisfy, or seem to satisfy, the needs of social reality.

Consider one idea characteristic of this age: scepticism. The historian of ideas can plausibly assert that this is one of the modalities of the human spirit, present at all times, from the age of Ecclesiastes to the present day, only it receives greater stresses in certain crises. This is to confuse a name with an historically-conditioned and time-bound phenomenon. Contemporary scepticism is not merely metaphysical in nature; it is the child of science, the fruit of experimental observation, the result of the perception of the vastness and complexity of Nature. The philosophy of determinism, the steady extension of the scientific method of inquiry, the increasing spread of exact knowledge and the use of logically precise instruments of thought, these have demonstrated the relativity of values in criticism and the futility of absolutes. Einstein and Freud have revolutionized our outer and inner world.

These antecedent ideological conditions must be grasped before the developments in the field of modern criticism can be justly appraised. It is obvious, however, that science or no science, man must live, and he cannot live without making certain choices. As soon as he does so, he is, consciously or unconsciously, setting up a hierarchy of values. Naturally so, since values are functional, arising in the course of action and experience, not as the product of pure disinterested speculation. In the case of the poets, their panicky efforts to salvage something of abiding value from the wreckage of their ideals, were pathetically evident. They desperately clung to one sacred and precious possession: their belief in the function of the artist. But a neutral scientific universe, a world emptied clean of moral beliefs and spiritual aspirations, was inimical to their professional status—or so they thought. Some

way out had to be found, and they found it. What was primarily responsible for this lamentable state of affairs? Science! But science was the product of the logically disciplined, analytical mind. Once the validity of the mind's creations was discredited, the universe of protons and electrons, the Einsteinean universe of unpredictable flux, would fall apart and appear as fabulous as a geocentric universe. The main thing was to defeat the armed and mobilized hosts of science. And the critics, as we have seen, got busy and began assailing scientists with poisonous adjectives. One favourite method of attack, we noted, was to expose the unworthy motives actuating scientists, to show that they were all-too-human, that their principal driving force was a lust for power and destruction. Others condemned science on the ground that it was quantitative and materialistic, that it therefore neglected imponderable values that were profoundly important in the conduct of human life.

Literary criticism, though far from being a science, has had to come to terms with scientific knowledge. Much has been written on the relations of literary criticism to science, but no one has succeeded as yet in formulating an operational philosophy which would put literary criticism on a scientific basis. Many scholars have contended that scientific precision in the realm of aesthetic judgment is both impossible and undesirable. Impressionists, for example, are not interested in the technical nature of excellence or objective achievement, but in the reactions a literary work arouses in them. Their approach does not help to establish an accurate method of the evaluation of works of art. Science does not exploit the enthusiasm of temperament in deducing a law from a number of experiments or observations. The scientist aims at impersonality and disinterestedness; his objective is the perception of a truth which can be verified. The scientific method, it would therefore seem, is diametrically opposed to the method of literary criticism. For the critic is, on the whole, preoccupied with his own interests and desires.

Literary critics, in protesting against the hegemony of science, are asserting their imperative need for philosophical unity, for a satisfying ethical universe. Since science appears to oppose their wishes, they have turned against it. Their efforts at rationalization indicate the fundamental disharmony that exists between our scientific methods of inquiry and our prevalent mental outlook, between theory and practice. The unrestricted right to build a

universe wholly in the image of our desires will not result in unity but chaos; it will mark the beginning of intellectual anarchy or else the beginning of authoritative religion. In the long run, it will be found that opposition to science is motivated by the wish to keep some favourite illusion or system of faith intact. It springs unconsciously from the fear to face a possibly unpleasant truth. If it were not so, there would not be this display of animus against the extension of the boundaries of knowledge by scientific efforts.

What has this bitter controversy produced except interesting revelations concerning the psychological motivations of the disputants. It has generated more heat than light. On the whole, the *literati* must stand guilty of the charge of having precipitated and intensified the quarrel; they have done most of the grousing and sniping. Despite the Egyptian darkness and confusion in which the subject is enveloped, certain provisional conclusions can be drawn. There is no ground for believing that there is any inherent conflict between literature and science. Those who write on the subject of poetry almost invariably assume that there can be no point of reconciliation. Despite their differences, there is a perfectly natural and legitimate method of effecting an *entente cordiale*. This can be done not by contrasting the truths of poetry with those of science nor even by opposing emotive to referential language. It can be achieved by recognizing the fact that the philosophical matrix, the soil of folklore and beliefs and values and attitudes, out of which the poet like his audience draws his intellectual nutriment, is no longer mythopoeic, a matter of tradition, prejudice and instinctive faith. Science is now or will soon become our authentic "folklore," the source of our cultural compulsives.

And that leads us to the second point, namely, that literature can secure validity and tap new sources of strength by relating itself intimately to the scientific outlook. There are no eternal truths. There are recurrent patterns of behaviour which we cannot fail to acknowledge and which are fruitful quarries of material for the creative mind, but these patterns take shape and colouring from their time and the special circumstances surrounding it. And the special circumstances surrounding our age are science and the scientific method. And this reliance on science, far from impoverishing or annulling poetic "truth" or impairing our dignity as human beings, adds a cosmic dimension to our life, an epic quality,

an element of chance, adventure, the unpredictable. Those who maintain with Aristotle that poetry is truer than history and far more so than science are indulging in pious wish fulfilment. Once we grant that there is no conflict between poetry and science, then we can see clearly how there is room for both of them, that each has a specific and precious contribution to make. Science deals with what is; it gives us exact knowledge of ourselves and our physical environment; it can furnish insight into the creative mind and the problem of appreciation, but it can yield no principle of evaluation, no criterion of excellence. All it provides is a touchstone of empirical validity. Hence literary criticism retains its autonomy; it is the function of the critic to appraise a work by relating it to its time and by tracing its cultural and psychological components; he will show wherein it hits the mark and where it falls short, but he cannot neglect to examine the extent to which it conforms or conflicts with the conclusions of science at a given time.

# REVIEWS

## THE ANALYSIS OF WAR*

R. A. MacKay

Most problems of social research are many-sided, and hence the inadequacy of research by any single method or discipline. The individual research worker, indeed, is constantly faced with the choice between the narrow approach of his peculiar discipline and the broad approach involving disciplines with which he is unfamiliar. The first may produce a logical but unrealistic result; the second may descend into sheer journalism. Co-operative research by specialists focusing on a single problem offers some hope that the advantage of specialization may be combined with comprehensive treatment but only on the condition that the resultant product can be analysed and synthesized by a "master mind." The study under review is a unique instance of this sort. *A Study of War* was carried on at the University of Chicago for over fifteen years. Most of the special studies, many of which are already in print, were done by relatively junior workers under the general direction and encouragement of a committee of mature scholars representing different disciplines. The present study, written by Professor Wright, who acted as chairman and general director of research, is largely an analysis and synthesis of the material. Volume I is essentially an historical analysis of war as a social institution, volume II, an examination of the causes and cure of war. The text is accompanied by over forty appendices.

In reviewing a book of such scope and proportions it is possible only to indicate its general nature and to comment on a few points in which the reviewer has a special interest.

For the purposes of volume I a broad definition of war is provisionally accepted—"a *violent contact* of *distinct* but *similar* entities," a definition which admits of examination of animal "warfare," as well as human warfare both among primitive and advanced peoples. The continuance in man of animal "drives," Professor Wright concludes, is no evidence of the biological necessity of war, nor is the existence of war of some sort among all primitive peoples evidence of its social necessity. War has not been a constant social phenomenon; rather it has been intermittent. Moreover, the

*A Study of War, by Quincy Wright. (2 vols.) Chicago, University of Chicago Press [Toronto, W. J. Gage and Co.], 1942, $16.50 the set.

social conditions leading to war, the method of warfare and military organization have differed profoundly at different stages of social development. That war is learned rather than "natural" social behaviour is clearly supported by the evidence.

The historic functions of war in social development must not, however, be overlooked. In the long run it has been a means of effecting social change in some rough accord with social pressures; it has been an instrument in the expansion of states and civilizations, and frequently in their destruction; and it has been a means of promoting social solidarity within the group exposed to, or resorting to, war—a state without an enemy tends to disintegrate. The organization of peace must take account of these social functions of war and provide satisfactory alternatives.

Volume II is directed to the problem of controlling war. The elimination of all violent conflict between groups, Professor Wright concludes is Utopian. If a beginning is made, it must be on a narrow front, as was done in the control of violence within the state. For this purpose a much more restricted definition of war than in volume I is adopted—"the *legal condition* which *equally* permits two or more hostile groups to carry on *conflict* by *armed* force" (p. 8).

None of the accepted disciplines of social science, says Professor Wright, has achieved a logical analysis of the causes of war generally acceptable even to scholars within the discipline concerned. Scientific analysis begins with a working hypothesis, but, since the accepted disciplines have provided none satisfactory for the enquiry in hand, Professor Wright sets out to construct his own. This he does by examining briefly the causes of six major wars since the fall of Rome, beginning with the Moslem invasion and ending with "World War I" (about a page is given to each war), and by summarizing briefly the opinions of a few representative writers on war. He discovers as a working hypothesis that war has "politico-technological, juro-ideological, socio-religious, and psycho-economic causes" (p. 739), and proceeds at length to examine it under this classification. Of course, one expected the rabbit to be found, but to have a quartet of fancy cross-breeds produced out of the professor's hat, where one suspects he knew all the time they were, is a bit disconcerting. We should have taken him at his word had he said in a paragraph or two that no one else had achieved a satisfactory hypothesis and here was his for what it was worth, and we could thus have escaped forty pages of close reading.

A comprehensive analysis of the causes of war follows. Space permits only a few sentences by way of summary and discussion of one or two issues. The system of a balance of power in international politics has not been universal throughout history, but has existed only when a civilization has been composed of more or less equal and independent states. The tendency is eventually for such a civilization to become "polarized" about two great rivals, and thus in the end to promote more disastrous wars. Professor Wright thinks modern civilization has arrived at this stage of development, and a system of balance of power has now become unworkable and dangerous. International law, he concludes, cannot be effective in controlling war unless based on world opinion "conscious of certain elementary standards of human right" (p. 916), and unless individuals and associations other than states are recognized as subjects of international law and enabled to invoke its procedures.

With respect to economic causes of war, the conclusion is that there are none in the modern world, using cause in a strict deterministic sense. Although economic conditions may dispose men to resort to war, war is not an inevitable consequence of "population pressure," shortage of resources, or other economic pressures. Marxists and near-Marxists will be outraged by such statements as "Capitalistic societies have been the most peaceful forms of societies yet developed" (p. 1162), "Capitalism has been more peaceful than agrarianism, feudalism, or socialism" (p. 1196), "The natural ethic of capitalism is liberalism and humanism . . . . But the natural ethic of socialism is nationalism, since its program can be achieved only by a strong government supported by a powerful sense of group solidarity. Socialism in practice becomes 'national socialism,' destructive of both liberalism and humanism" (pp. 1184-5).

On the other hand Professor Wright admits: "by accepting protectionist loaves and fishes from national states, it [capitalism] paved the way for its own destruction. . . . It may be concluded that, while capitalism is the most peaceful form of civilized economy, its subordination to imperialism and nationalism and its incapacity to solve the problems of depression and to sustain a universal ethical consciousness have, since its integration of world economy, contributed to war" (p. 1185). But is not the point of Marxist criticism that whatever the philosophical ideals of its

founders and whatever "the ethic" in which it would work best, capitalism inevitably tends towards nationalism, imperialism, cyclic depressions and war by reason of its inherent contradictions? Professor Wright's answer to this criticism is dangerously near to being as doctrinaire on the one side as the position of Marxists is on the other.

There is an undue straining in places at scientific objectivity. For example, an attempt is made to reduce international relations to mathematical formulae, but even Professor Wright does not seem very happy about the result. Again, the possibility of predicting war at any given time between any given states is discussed. The conclusion is "that predictive results of some value for a few years ahead can be obtained from an analysis of expert opinions." But how long is "a few years," and how exact is "some value"? Who are experts? Elsewhere the opinions of economists are thrown out as worthless, and the opinions of journalists preferred. Presumably, Professor Wright means experts on assessing opinion, since at another point he concludes that war results from mental attitudes rather than material forces.

Professor Wright's conclusion is that "wars arise because of the changing relations of numerous variables—technological, psychic, social and intellectual" (p. 1284). Nevertheless, war is not inevitable in any situation; there is still an element of freedom of choice. A situation in itself does not determine war, but rather it is determined by man's interpretation of that situation, and man's interpretation is in a large measure the product of his cultural heritage. "War . . . rests, in modern civilization, upon an elaborate ideological construction maintained through education in a system of language, law, symbols and ideals. The explanation and interpretation of these systems are often as remote from the actual sequence of events as are the primitive explanations in terms of magic, ritual, or revenge. War in the modern sense does not grow out of a situation but out of a highly artificial interpretation of a situation" (p. 1291).

The problem of organizing peace is thus two-fold: to promote conditions which will dispose men toward peace rather than war, and to change the content of men's minds. Peace is defined as a condition of equilibrium between competing forces, not of "static equilibrium," but of "adaptive equilibrium" which will permit of change without violence in accordance with dynamic social forces.

In the main Professor Wright looks to a reformed and strengthened League of Nations with one radical change: the recognition of the individual by international institutions, protection by a basic code of human rights, and individual or group capacity to invoke action for their protection by international institutions. The development of individual loyalty to international institutions is essential if the state is to be held in check. The survival and reform of capitalism and free competition on a world basis, he holds, are also essential, because socialism is basically nationalistic and hence destructive of international order, while on the other hand international control of the world economy would inevitably tend toward rigidity whereas our economy is still characterized by dynamic change.

Unfortunately *A Study of War* is marred by certain defects mainly of organization and writing. The excessive classification and subdivision of material weakens the continuity of the text and leads to considerable repetition, particularly as between volumes I and II. Again, chapter headings are sometimes little more than convenient pegs for notes which the reader is left to relate to one another. Several chapters or parts of chapters are obviously summaries of the work of other specialists, and broad generalizations are occasionally made without keeping other sections in mind. For example, on page 818 reference is made to the decreasing frequency of war in modern civilization, and the reason suggested is an increasing military equilibrium. On page 1163, however, the reason suggested for the same phenomenon is the peaceful nature of capitalism. These statements are not necessarily contradictory, but the reader should not be left to reconcile them. There is a good deal of technical or pseudo-technical jargon throughout. While a glossary of technical terms in the appendix is a help, the content of so many "technical" terms in the social sciences is so elastic and subjective that it is doubtful if the advantage in using them outweighs the disadvantage.

Finally, purists will be offended by such words as "universalize," "objectify," "quantify." Even the reader without stylistic sensibilities but anxious to discover the writer's thought will have to struggle with statements like the following (italics added): "Modern nations, *like animals* and primitive tribes, have in the evolutionary process *differentiated their constitutional and military structures*, each adapting its ideals and traditions to the defensive

necessities of its geographical and economic position. These defensive necessities must, *by the law of survival*, take precedence over considerations of either welfare or civilization so long as *those* interested in the *latter* neglect to universalize the rule of law through organization" (p. 267).

But it is unfair to end on a sour note. *A Study of War* will no doubt rank as a landmark in scholarship in the social sciences. It is the most comprehensive study of war in English, probably in any language, even if the last word has not been said on the subject. It will have wide intellectual repercussions first among social scientists, ultimately among a much wider public, even if the layman will be appalled by its bulk. Its discussion of problems of method will have little less influence than its findings on the problem of war. It will be a great quarry from which students and teachers alike can dig various ores, and, to change the metaphor, it starts a variety of intellectual game, which simply must be chased, and no doubt will be, even if they lead off in many directions.

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## MILTON AND THE PURITAN DILEMMA* WILLIAM RILEY PARKER

The first volume of "Studies and Texts" by the English Department of the University of Toronto is a thorough examination of both continuity and revision in Milton's opinions between 1641 and 1660, interpreted in the context of "the changing climate of opinion among his Puritan associates." *Milton and the Puritan Dilemma* is an important book, an auspicious beginning for a new series. Professor Barker achieves clarity and proportion by analysing Milton's ideas at successive stages instead of considering each separate pamphlet in chronological order. He also escapes the scholarly dilemma, in which some of his predecessors were caught, of either isolating and over-emphasizing Milton's ideas, or else losing them in details of the intellectual history of his time. He gives us, instead, a coherent account of a developing pattern of thought, kept always against the only background which enables us to evaluate it.

Perhaps no book on this general subject can ever please all readers. One steeped in religious controversy of the seventeenth century will find Barker superficial in those very chapters where

**Milton and the Puritan Dilemma, 1641-1660*, by ARTHUR BARKER. Toronto, University of Toronto Press, 1942, $3.75.

another reader will find him profound. The idolatrous will be offended by the candid exposure of Milton's inconsistencies and muddled thinking, while the Liljegrens of criticism will dislike the stout defence of Milton's fumbling sincerity. Still others may object that the final reward of any such study, a knowledge of the effect of it all on Milton's poetry, is, after 440 pages, left to the reader. But this reviewer, for personal and impersonal reasons, has no fault to find with a book that does only part of an important job, so long as that part is done accurately and thoroughly. If anyone later improves upon Barker's work, he will find Barker indispensable to the process.

The thesis of *Milton and the Puritan Dilemma* is best stated in the author's own words:

> If the eye is fixed on reformation, the liberty which follows will be of a particular kind, to be exercised only within the limits of reform; if the eye is fixed on liberty, the reformation demanded will be of a kind calculated to permit the liberty desired. So long as the terms remained indefinite, as they were in the early 1640's, Puritanism exhibited a remarkable degree of unanimity. . . . But the removal of antichristian episcopacy meant the end of unanimity. In its larger aspects, the history of Puritanism between 1643 and 1660 is the history of conflicting efforts to find definitions of reformation and of liberty which would make possible the achievement of both. Puritanism failed. . . . In the end [Milton] was to achieve, for himself if not for his country, something like a solution . . .

In developing this thesis Barker refers to other Puritan writers of the "left" and "right" just often enough to keep us aware of Milton's changing position in relation to the views of his contemporaries. We move from the orthodox anti-episcopal pamphlets to the radical divorce tracts and *Areopagitica*, then to the political writings of 1649-55, then to the last pamphlets, and finally to the *De Doctrina Christiana*. Readers will find especially provocative the emphasis placed upon *Tetrachordon* and upon the tracts of 1659. Milton's sonnet, "A book was writ," is proof that *Tetrachordon* was particularly valued by its author, but it has remained for Barker to exhibit the real importance of this tract in Milton's intellectual growth. There are other criticisms equally fresh and stimulating, and a good deal of new information which the student will note with pleasure. For example, on page 352 we are presented with evidence that Milton first met Mary Powell in 1642. In Part III we are shown that Milton's political pamphlets applied "to a larger field the ideas developed in the divorce tracts."

Barker demonstrates successfully against Tillyard that the prose

is "less the expression of ordered ideas than a record of the painful attempt of a sincere but not markedly precise mind to achieve coherence of thought in the midst of social disintegration." One comes away from this demonstration liking Milton more as a man, but admiring him less as a thinker. The poet's final solution of the puritan dilemma is by no means as clear and satisfactory as we (and Professor Barker) could wish. It would have been good for him if he had been forced occasionally to examine his ideas in the face of criticism from someone whose reasoning was better than his vocabulary of abuse.

If one were to cavil with *Milton and the Puritan Dilemma*, it would be chiefly with the first and last chapters. The disappointingly brief discussion of the *De Doctrina*, with which Barker concludes, follows an admirable summary and seems almost an afterthought. The opening chapter is an ingenious but unconvincing attempt to explain Milton's entry into prose controversy in terms of spiritual and poetical needs. Here the enthusiasm of the analyst goes too far, carrying Milton's struggle with the puritan dilemma beyond the announced scope of the book and beyond demonstrable reality. Barker argues: (1) that a close reading of *Comus* reveals Milton's inability in 1634 to harmonize the claims of nature and spirit; (2) that Milton himself recognized this inability as a dilemma facing him as a poet; (3) that he turned to ecclesiastical controversy in order to solve the dilemma and release his poetic powers; (4) that "Episcopacy assumed in his eyes the lineaments of Comus" and the reformed church "the aspect of the virgin Lady"; and (5) that no release of poetic powers was forthcoming because he continued to see the problem in terms of his ideas of 1634. Now of these five points numbers one and four are matters of subjective interpretation and emphasis, and the others are guesses contradicted by known facts. It seems a little unfair first to assume that the masque was an attempt by Milton to formulate "his ethical ideal," and then to find ominous evidence of spiritual conflict because the "formulation" was unsuccessful. It seems a little unreasonable to infer that Milton turned to prose because he recognized his frustration as a poet, when Milton announced himself launched as a poet in the privately printed and circulated *Epitaphium Damonis*. Right or wrong, in 1640 he thought he was ready, and he took up prose in 1641 because he thought of himself, not as a poet exclusively (with

or without a personal dilemma), but as a man of letters whose varied talents had long been dedicated to the service of God and country.

These objections apply, of course, to only a small part of Barker's study. The heart of the book is sound. In this reviewer's opinion it gives the fairest and most accurate picture yet presented of Milton's views on liberty and reformation, and it should become required reading for all who want to know the mind of the poet.

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## CANADA'S FIRST TWO YEARS OF WAR* — F. R. Scott

This is the second volume in the series of biennial surveys of Canada's external relations, which is being issued under the auspices of the Canadian Institute of International Affairs. The first volume, dealing with the pre-war years, was the composite work of four authors; this time the more satisfactory method of single authorship has been adopted, which gives the book a greater unity of structure and style. Professor Dawson carries us through the period of the "phoney" war, the fall of France, the industrial revolution by which Canada met the demands of total war, and the beginning of the closer British-United States collaboration symbolized by the Atlantic Charter. The record of failures and achievements, particularly on the industrial front, is simply and effectively told, and, as was to be expected, the author is at his best in dealing with what might be called the political science aspects of the war administration. There have been many pamphlets and some books on Canada's war effort, but this volume is not likely soon to be displaced as the authoritative history of these two years.

The difficulty of writing about a war during the war is obvious. For one thing, the war morale demands the maintenance of myths which later history will discard. In Canada the normal difficulties are increased because of the delicate and frequently psychological nature of the problems that need cold analysis if truth is to be found. Our split national personality, which this war has not healed, calls almost as much for case-history as for history. Pro-

*_Canada in World Affairs: Two Years of War, 1939-1941_, by R. MacGregor Dawson. (Published under the auspices of the Canadian Institute of International Affairs.) London, Toronto, New York, Oxford University Press, 1943, $3.00.

fessor Dawson might at some points have probed a little deeper below the surface showing of Canadian behaviour. At the outset of his book he appears to exaggerate the differences between Canada's entry into the war in 1939 and the entry in 1914. He places the declaration of war too early in his story, thus giving the impression that it was an important factor in the chain of events leading to participation. On the free parliamentary choice theory, this is of course necessary. Active participation was begun, however, and the "no commitments" policy fully abandoned in practice, at least as early as September 1 when the War Measure Act was proclaimed and the militia placed on active service. Professor Dawson does not consider what effect the coming into force of the Defence of Canada Regulations on September 3 (which rendered free discussion of alternatives illegal), the arrest of German nationals (September 4), and the prohibition of trading with the enemy (September 5), to mention only some of the pre-parliamentary measures, may have had upon the area of choice left to parliament —even assuming Mr Lapointe to have been wrong in his warning of March 30, 1939, that neutrality was legally impossible once Britain was at war. The fact that Mr King, himself a participationist, did not decide to issue a declaration of war until pressure of some unknown kind was brought to bear as late as September 7, would seem to be proof that this technicality was an afterthought, of little importance except as an *ex post facto* approval of the established belligerency. The differences between 1939 and 1914 are more verbal than actual. This does not mean, of course, that by playing up the nature of the declaration we may not make it mean for the future something it did not mean in the past, and it may yet become, like Magna Carta, a document of more value to posterity than to its contemporaries.

A somewhat similar uncertainty existed with regard to the sending of the Canadian expeditionary force. There is little doubt that, while considerable opposition existed, a majority in parliament would have voted for an overseas contingent. It is equally certain that the Canadian parliament (unlike the Australian) was not given the opportunity of recording its decision. Yet this point is scarcely evident from Professor Dawson's text. He points out that in the speech of September 8 the Prime Minister intimated that "No expeditionary force was immediately contemplated." A week after the war session ended, however, it was announced. This technique

—so often used in Canada during this war—of holding off discussion until the *fait accompli* prevents it altogether, and often when it is clear that the ultimate decision would have received prior approval, is an element affecting public morale that might have received more attention in this book. The method used to freeze wages is another example. In view of these factors it is perhaps unfortunate that Professor Dawson occasionally—though only occasionally—uses such phrases as "the refusal of French Canada to bear its fair share of the burden of the war." It is impossible to decide what a fair share is when no democratic means are taken to harmonize conflicting views on the subject, and to make the national decision clear to all.

The economic analysis in this study, and the description of the growing and changing government controls, are, as has been said, particularly impressive. Professor Dawson shows how, out of the early period of moderate production, and out of the sudden confusion resulting from France's fall, the Canadian government by various administrative measures imposed a new direction and purpose upon the economic system. If there is a third volume to this series, it will record still further economic advances, the outcome of this industrial revolution. "The Government today," says the author, "has become the biggest buyer, the biggest entrepreneur, the biggest investor in the country, and at the same time it has taken over the responsibility of planning and directing the entire economic life of the nation." He points out that war industries have been planned on the basis of existing facilities and of labour supply, and not according to any "fair" or "equitable" distribution among the provinces.

Despite its title, fully half the book is very properly concerned with internal questions in Canada. Most Canadians would probably agree that there will be no clarification of Canada's external policy unless the internal conflicts are resolved and a clearer sense of national purpose emerges than we have known in the past. Reading this volume gives one little hope that such a change is occurring. Professor Dawson describes the manner in which the Canadian government has opposed any setting up of an Imperial War Cabinet. His story makes it clear, however, that no positive alternative, no other process by which Canadian influence might be regularly brought to bear on international affairs, has been evolved. In this connection his remark (p. 209) that Mr King

could not, during this war, echo Sir Robert Borden's complaint that "he was being kept in almost complete ignorance of what was being done save what he could snatch from the newspapers," was somewhat premature. On January 28, 1942, Mr King, answering a question about Canada's representation on the Pacific War Council, said, "I might say that such information as I have about the proposed Pacific Council, is what I read in Mr Churchill's speech of yesterday." Mr King's comment, however, was not, like Sir Robert Borden's, accompanied by a complaint. Perhaps this is what Professor Dawson meant.

F. R. Scott

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## SWIFT AND STELLA*

Ricardo Quintana

Stella died in Dublin in 1728. It is difficult to say exactly when and how the perfectly understandable Dublin gossip regarding her relations with Swift ceased to be mere local gossip. But in one way or another the entire English-speaking world had, by the close of the eighteenth century, come into possession of a great mystery. Only those who have studied Swift and all things pertaining to him in the grim manner prescribed by modern research know, in full detail, the bizarre forms which this mystery has assumed and the fantastic solutions to it still being offered us. The shade of Bickerstaff, in a peculiarly irresponsible mood, would seem to have taken over command of things from the start, suggesting that a person called Jonathan Swift was in fact the bastard child of Sir William Temple, discovering later on that Stella was likewise Temple's illegitimate offspring, and only recently inspiring the theory that Swift, so far from being Stella's half-brother, was as a matter of fact only her half-uncle. Such are the more sensational explanations of why Swift refused to marry Stella, or of why, granting the story that a marriage ceremony took place, they chose never to live together as man and wife. But whatever the precise facts, it was clear to nearly everyone that here was the strangest pair anywhere—strange, romantic, with sinister possibilities. Sentimentalists like Thackeray used to become enraged at Swift's fancied brutality to Stella and weep tenderly over her broken heart. Critics of a later

*_Stella: A Gentlewoman of the Eighteenth Century_, by Herbert Davis. New York, Macmillan Co. [Toronto, Macmillan Company of Canada], 1942, $2.00.

day, abandoning sentimentality for psychiatry, have disclosed the mental and physical ills—alarmingly named—which stood between this eighteenth-century Abelard and Eloisa.

The comedy of it all is, there is so little behind this enormous deal of gossip, chit-chat, and idle speculation. Only a great Queen Anne wit, a wise woman, and a friendship sustained with humour and insight. True, the problem of a marriage remains; some Swift scholars believe there was one, others do not. And for a space the tragic figure of Vanessa cast her shadow over the friendship. But a friendship it remained, and it can be said that of few friendships do we have a fuller record. Taken together, the *Journal to Stella* and Swift's many verses addressed to Esther Johnson tell the story in ample detail. They tell it, furthermore, with an intonation and a richness of shading that attest its psychological truth. It is a sad commentary on the dullness of critics, biographers, and common readers that the perfectly open record, so straightforward in facts but so subtle in its revelation of attitudes, should have been persistently disregarded in favour of sensational rumours and counter-rumours.

In his three short and delightful essays entitled *Stella*: *A Gentlewoman of the Eighteenth Century*—essays based on the Alexander lectures given at the University of Toronto in 1942—Mr Davis wisely refers to the great mystery as little as possible. In his introduction, he does mention Mr Denis Johnston and Mr Johnston's uncle theory, but this only by way of clearing the atmosphere. Later on he has a little to say of Thackeray, and quotes one of the priceless passages from the lecture on Swift to good and well-deserved effect. In his closing pages he accepts the challenge thrown down by Aldous Huxley in *Do What You Will*, scoring neatly and cleverly. For the rest of the time, however, Mr Davis is content to stay clear of entangling gossip and theorizing, and by keeping close to the *Journal* and the pertinent verses to let the actual story unfold.

Just as the sensational myth concerning Swift and Stella has tended to obscure the true quality of their friendship, so a mistaken view of Swift's hatred of mankind and of his unnatural savageness as a satirist has concealed from generations of commentators not only Swift's many-sidedness, but the essential fact that in his every-day relations with acquaintances and friends he was the Augustan wit, urbane, clever, civilized. Nor was his social wit, to use modern jargon, of a shallow and unilinear variety; it expressed

a multiplicity of insights, reconciling the mean, the comic, and the tragic elements of life through genuine humour.

The finest thing about Mr Davis's study is the manner in which he suggests, with precisely the right emphasis, the many different tones which are audible in Swift's conversations with Stella. In regard to women in general, Swift was from the first in violent revolt against that deification of the sex which had been the fashion up through the Elizabethan period. Swift saw women not as remote goddesses but as rational people who should take their place in a rational society. It is a clever suggestion of Mr Davis's that the very name *Stella* may have been understood by both Swift and Esther as an ironic statement of the nature of their friendship, so different from anything that could have existed between Sidney's Astrophel and Stella. Mr Davis goes on to show the satiric element that Swift was constantly injecting into his commentary on women generally and the ways of Stella and her companion, Rebecca Dingley. At times, in poems like "A Beautiful Young Nymph Going to Bed," the anti-romantic theme is intensified to such a point that readers who do not sense the comic approach are nauseated. But when he sets about to admonish Stella and Rebecca good-naturedly, it is rather the tone and manner of familiar verse that he uses, dwelling humorously upon foibles and fashions. Mr Davis does not allow us to miss Swift's serious intentions lying behind such satire—his sober views on woman's true nature and her rightful position in society. The aristocratic and romantic view of women had been superceded in the seventeenth century by a far different view given by Puritanism; now the Puritan theory of woman's spiritual subjection was being revised to fit the spirit of a *bourgeois* civilization. At this point Mr Davis finds himself in a dilemma. Shall he stick to the eighteenth century, or as president of a woman's college shall he speak out concerning present-day views of women's education? In the essays themselves he firmly refuses to be drawn into a discussion of modern education, but on the dust cover we are told that he is alarmed to find how far the "early eighteenth century view still prevails and shapes our plan of women's education in this country even today." One almost wishes that in the essays Mr Davis had sacrificed artistic integrity long enough to have a go at this contemporary topic.

The second and third essays—*Comedy*, *Sentiment*—enlarge further the theme of Swift's diverse moods and the complex nature

of the friendship with Stella. In the second essay Mr Davis reminds us—as we need to be reminded constantly—how often Swift was inspired by the comic spirit. People, society, human life he often saw as outrageous and unforgivable; but even in his severest satire the spirit of comedy was rarely lacking, and ordinarily it was this spirit that controlled his perceptions. We are shown how he portrayed the social scene that formed the background of the friendship, and how with the same deft touch the friendship itself was keyed to the mood of civilized comedy. The final essay is of particular interest, because here, in his discussion of the quality of sentiment that Swift bestowed upon their relationship, Mr Davis is working directly with the *Journal*, and we have the benefit of his critical perceptions formed during his close study of the letters while editing them for another—as yet unpublished—volume in his edition of Swift's prose. The subject of Swift's "little language," for instance, Mr Davis approaches not as a psychologist but as a modern editor, interested in matters of handwriting, spelling and the like. Mr Davis's wise and illuminating observations suggest that this is the right approach.

One who wishes to know Swift, to see him as a man of his age, to arrive at a proper understanding of his true character, can read no better book than this. It is accurate in all respects. And while growing out of scrupulous scholarship, it is as delightfully civilized as the two people with whom it is concerned.

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## A MODERN GERMAN POET* — CECIL LEWIS

STEFAN GEORGE (1868-1933) is, in the opinion of most German critics, their greatest lyric poet of the last fifty years. Strange both as a man and as a poet, it is not surprising that he has received very little attention outside his own country, and that even there his work is really well known only to a few. Attempts have been made (which Herr Morwitz in his introduction seems tempted to renew) to represent George as a poet who wielded a great and beneficent spiritual influence and who was in clear opposition to the forces which gained control of his native country ten years ago. There is very little to support such a view. In early life George was disgusted with the vulgar materialism of the new Empire.

**Poems*, by STEFAN GEORGE. Trans. by CAROL NORTH VALHOPE and ERNST MORWITZ. New York, Pantheon Books Inc., 1943, $2.75.

Instead of plunging into the war of ideas like the Naturalists, he turned his back upon the real world and for twenty years gave himself up to a recondite symbolist poetry which has no clear bearing upon the events of the time. He was throughout this earlier period a practitioner of art for art's sake, and a more aloof and esoteric figure it would be impossible to find in the poetry of any time or country. It is tragic that he was not able to give more arresting expression to his discontent with Germany. Not until 1907 did he utter the first veiled warnings of the spiritual catastrophe which he saw ahead. He spoke out more clearly during the war (*Der Krieg* appeared in 1917), but in *Der Dichter in Zeiten der Wirren*, 1921, he foretold the coming of a new generation and their unique leader in joyful lines which Goebbels was later able to use to good purpose. The poet's horrified flight from Germany in 1933 is tragi-comedy. He had utterly misunderstood the true shape of things to come. He was for forty years the strong-willed leader of a band of poets and critics. His failure to deliver a clear message to his people is perhaps best proved by the fact that after his death his scattered disciples were to be found in every camp.

His true place is scarcely among the prophets, but rather among the reformers of poetic technique, and in that field his achievement was striking. His aim was perfection of form, and he laboured long and arduously over the poetry of his own and of other countries in his study of the subtleties of language. He was above all steeped in modern French poetry—he was a personal friend of Mallarmé and Verlaine—and in the English Pre-Raphaelites. His translations from Baudelaire, from Shakespeare's sonnets and from Rossetti and Swinburne reproduce with wonderful fidelity the sound-effect of the originals. In his study of the acoustic resources of various languages George even composed verse in English and French and devised a lingua romana of his own. In his German poems he aimed at a compactness of expression, a new syntactic brevity and frugality of style which the German vocabulary by its nature resists. He often omitted articles, relatives, noun-prefixes (*Fahr* for *Gefahr*), conjunctions and the nominative and accusative singular endings of adjectives. The invention of strong preterites to verbs normally weak likewise saves a syllable, but the combination of these unorthodox forms with an extremely individual spelling and punctuation does much to make him difficult of comprehension. Partly offsetting these barriers, he used a very beautiful roman type

of his own design, which is not, unfortunately, employed in the work under review.

The latter is a large, handsome, well-printed volume containing about one hundred poems, a great merit being that the originals and the renderings are presented on facing pages. Since the poems are drawn from all the volumes of the complete edition the reader will not gain a complete idea of George's severity of form, which applies not only to the separate poems but to the architectonics of the group. Some of his finest poems are those which record a mood or describe a simple scene. The following is in every sense a "Georgic" poem

DER FREUND DER FLUREN

Kurz vor dem frührot sieht man in den fähren
Ihn schreiten, in der hand die blanke hippe
Und wägend greifen in die vollen ähren
Die gelben körner prüfend mit der lippe.

Dann sieht man zwischen reben ihn mit basten
Die losen binden an die starken schäfte
Die harten grünen herlinge betasten
Und brechen einer ranke überkräfte.

Er schüttelt dann ob er dem wetter trutze
Den jungen baum und misst der wolken schieben
Er gibt dem liebling einen pfahl zum schutze
Und lächelt ihm dem erste früchte trieben.

Er schöpft und giesst mit einem kürbisnapfe
Er beugt sich oft die quecken auszuharken
Und üppig blühen unter seinem stapfe
Und reifend schwellen um ihn die gemarken.

THE FRIEND OF THE FIELDS

One sees him walk the furrows through the gleaming
Of dawn, the shiny sickle in his grip,
And reach into the wheat to weigh its teeming,
He tests the yellow kernel with his lip.

Then on between the vines one sees him tying
With bast to sturdy prop, the shoots that strayed,
The grapes still hard and green with touches trying,
He prunes a tendril that too lushly swayed.

To see if it can brave the stormy weathers
He shakes the sapling, probes the drift of cloud,
To a support his favourite then he tethers
And smiles at one that first of fruits had bowed.

The water in a gourd he draws and showers,
He often bends to rake the quickening grasses,
And lavishly the region buds and flowers,
And ripens to the harvest where he passes.

The rendering is of average quality for the collection and is certainly highly creditable. The essentials of the rhythmic scheme are preserved, but there are slight imperfections, for example the sacrifice of the feminine endings in the first two stanzas. George's freedom from "poetic diction" is almost attained, but the third line of the third stanza is badly strained. The meaning is preserved closely except for a surprising mistake in the second line of the fourth stanza. The man is digging out a weed,—quitch-grass or couch-grass, which is anything but a "quickening grass."

English readers may well feel grateful for this volume, which even though it falls well short of the claims implied on pages 252-4 by the translators, will nevertheless enable them for the first time to gain an impression of this master of poetic technique.

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## PARLIAMENT, CABINET AND DISSOLUTION[1] ALEXANDER BRADY

"A House of Commons respected by his ministers is essential to his Majesty's service: it is fit that they should yield to Parliament, and not that Parliament should be new-modelled until it is fitted to their purposes. If our authority is to be held up when we coincide in opinion with his Majesty's advisers, but is to be set at nought the moment it differs from them, the House of Commons will shrink into a mere appendage of administration, and will lose that independent character which . . . enables us to afford a real, effective and substantial support to his government." The words are those of Edmund Burke taken from a longer extract which Mr Forsey quotes to emphasize the significance of his subject; namely, that in the power to dissolve parliament the Crown has a discretion which must be used, not merely to convenience the ministry of the hour, but to ensure the authority of the representative chamber. Mr Forsey in a single sentence thus puts the central premise of his able and significant volume: "The British constitutional system was never intended to be a plebiscitary democracy, in which Parliament exists and debates

[1] *The Royal Power of Dissolution of Parliament in the British Commonwealth*, by EUGENE A. FORSEY. Toronto, Oxford University Press, 1943, $5.00.

only on sufferance under threat of dissolution at any moment by the government in office, whether or not that government has a majority in the House of Commons."

At first it might appear a simple matter to decide whether this premise is sound. Yet it is not simple because the British and Dominion constitutional systems rest, not merely on statutes, but on delicate and indefinite conventions, subject at times to varied interpretations by men in the seats of authority. The question of how far the King or his representative can, under some circumstances, refuse to an existing Cabinet a dissolution is contentious. Professor J. H. Morgan of London, a lawyer noted for his conservative attitude towards the constitution, remarked of the grant by His Majesty in 1924 of a dissolution to Ramsay Macdonald, who was actually in a minority in the Commons, that it definitely established "the existence, in the hands of the Prime Minister, of this coercive power over the Commons."[2] Ivor Jennings, on the contrary, author of the most informed modern book on Cabinet government, is emphatic that the dissolution granted to Macdonald in 1924 did not settle the issue.[3] Other distinguished authorities, including the late Lord Asquith, have been confident that the discretion of the Crown has not completely passed over to the Prime Minister and the Cabinet; that the King may still refuse a dissolution provided of course that he can find ministers to accept responsibility and to obtain support in the legislature. The crucial circumstance is the parliamentary situation and the existence or non-existence of some great new issue of public policy.

This is the position adopted by Mr Forsey and presented with argumentative force throughout more than 270 pages. At the outset he examines precedents in Great Britain and the Dominions for the grant and refusal of dissolution, describes and submits to critical analysis the views of constitutional authorities, explores with much detail the Byng incident in Canada, treats briefly the refusal of dissolution to Prime Minister Hertzog in 1939, and brings the volume to a close with general conclusions, based on the discussions of the previous chapters. It would have been preferable had Mr Forsey devoted less space to the Byng incident, important as it is to his subject. The force of his analysis and argument would have gained something here by compression. In this part of the book especially he is the ardent controversialist who

[2] *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, 14th ed., 325.
[3] W. Ivor Jennings, *Cabinet Government* (Cambridge, 1936), 318.

enters upon the demonstration of his case against Mr King like a professional fencer, grimly determined to dispose of his opponent by every legitimate and potent thrust of which he is capable. His two main reasons justifying the action of Lord Byng pertain of course to the peculiar parliamentary situation in Ottawa at the time: first, that Mr King sought a dissolution while a motion of censure against his government was under debate, and was thus endeavouring to prevent parliament from pronouncing judgment; and secondly, that Mr King was appealing from a House newly elected under his own auspices without a fresh and great issue of public policy on which to make an appeal. Mr Forsey adds little that is new to this argument, but no one has previously presented it with more vigour. Inevitably his treatment of the Byng affair has stirred the unmeasured wrath of those Liberal newspapers which in 1926 adopted a contrary view; inevitably also Conservative newspapers have hailed his volume.

Space does not permit here any adequate discussion of the political and constitutional outcroppings of this book, but passing reference at least may be made to one matter not discussed at length by Mr Forsey; namely, how far does equality of status within the Commonwealth imply the acceptance by all the Dominions of identically the same conventions concerning the discretion of the Crown. In 1926 the argument was presented that Lord Byng's refusal of a dissolution to Mr King was a challenge to the self-governing status of Canada, the argument being posited on the highly debatable assumption that in England the King would certainly have granted the dissolution. But even in 1926 Professor W. P. M. Kennedy was contending with considerable force that equality of status did not mean that "the governor-general should always do what the King does," and the Imperial Conference of that year left the question in some doubt. Each self-governing part of the Commonwealth may well in time fashion its own conventions concerning the discretion of the Crown, as has been done in other matters of political procedure. At any rate the relations of Crown, Cabinet, and parliament are by no means finally settled and disposed of. It would be wrong to assume that for Canada the chapter was closed by the aftermath of the Byng refusal, and Mr Forsey's book, no less than Mr Herbert Evatt's in Australia,[4] will stoutly contribute to the future discussion of these delicate relations.

[4]Herbert V. Evatt, *The King and His Dominion Governors* (London, 1936).

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